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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Notes on a Bookshelf

SOME years ago, when Local Color was still a fashionable term with critics, it was a common practice to prepare a map on which writers' names were printed instead of staples and manufactured products. Thus Cable was written large across Louisiana, Wister upon the cowboy region, Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett upon New England, Hardy upon old Wessex, and so on and so on. It would be interesting to make today, not a map of geography, but a chart of society, and place upon it not the writers but the kinds of readers provided for in a typical shelf of new books. The result would surprise those who talk familiarly of "The American reader" and "the American audience," as if we all had the same last name.

We still read far more for instruction than for pleasure. Seventy million copies of Noah Webster's spelling book were sold in the early days of the Republic. Probably no one has calculated how many copies of school and college books are published annually now, but the figure would be astonishing. And among these books are an extraordinary number of educational books upon education. We are conducting the world's largest educational experiment with low-paid, partly trained teachers in the majority of the positions, and in giving them text-books on teaching and text-books so contrived as almost to teach themselves, we are following American industrial practice which provides machinery so efficient that it can be run by unskilled workers. Whether the educational product is as good as the machine product is another question.

A great and increasing variety of books on religion, philosophy, ethics, behavior, and everything that has to do with attitude toward life, is not so easy to explain. There is little evidence in ordinary conversation, and still less in the newspapers and in contemporary fiction, of the extensive interest in the eternal human problem which these represent. We are said to talk only of business and sports, of children, fashion, and the humanities of gossip. But these books seem to indicate that more thinking is going on under the surface than comes to the top. To be sure the volume of sales is small by comparison with novels or elementary text-books, but the readers must count in influence, must propagate ideas, must color thinking. In the long run it is not the number of new houses, new Fords, new radios, new silk stockings, but what we think, or, more accurately, how we feel, about them that affects the course of civilization, and if deep-lying social movements are of primary importance, nevertheless the touch that sets the ball rolling this way or that comes from a man or a woman with an idea. Talk about the "influence" of the milk, water, and sugar fiction that is read in such vast quantities by so many people is idle: such writing has no influence except to debase taste; it runs in the system and out again without leaving a trace. Not so with the better and the fewer books.

The end of the shelf thickly packed with new books of poetry has a different significance. These little volumes are published, in most instances, for the writer not the reader. This does not mean that they are bad poetry, although many may be; it means that for some obscure reason almost as many people write poetry as read it, and these collections of verse are the tiny remnant that reaches the sanctity of covers. It is a verse writing age. Why it is not a verse reading age is a puzzle, to be explained perhaps by saying that the writing of verse is the greatest of escapes from boredom or triviality, but that the reading of verse will accomplish the same ends only when verse becomes poetry.

The number of travel books would seem to need no commentary. We are rich, we travel constantly, we like to read of other's experiences. Yet before the war the usual travel book was a pleasant, rather sentimental narrative of dallyings in Europe, and now it has become a record of exploration or adventure in the difficult places of the earth. Perhaps we travel too much now for the old-fashioned variety of pleasant journeyings to interest us. Moving through nearby lands is so easy that it is impertinent to write about what anyone of us expects to see next month or next year. And the familiar ports of travel have lost their glamour. The war changed them from summer resorts into items in the great struggle to conquer. We will see Italy for ourselves, and if we read, read the facts of the world's far corners, not sentimental maunderings about a Europe which we know to be hard.

As a last observation, note that politics seems to be

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Sonnet

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

IS the stout whale who shakes the sea's loud towers
As ghostly as his spume? Those elephants:
Grey hills of flesh, parading down the hours
Of Caesar's triumph in a torchlit dance,—
Were they less than the dust their thunder stirred?
What is this stone whereon our quick heels hit?
What, all these atoms, seized or smelt or heard?
This asking brain,—what is the truth of it?

Man fades like grass even now, and like slow sand
New empires shift; suns char in viewless skies;
And science gnaws on its own empty hand;
The while Reality as softly lies
Upon the cheek of our known world as light,
Impalpably, inalterably bright.

This Week

"The Letters of Queen Victoria." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*
"Havelock Ellis." Reviewed by *J. DeLancey Ferguson.*
"The Home Town Mind." Reviewed by *Lyman Bryson.*
Books on Business Standards. Reviewed by *Douglas Fryer.*
"Short Stories." Reviewed by *Frances Newman.*
"Hangman's House." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

Next Week, or Later

The Gentleman from Verona. By *Elmer Davis.*
"The Advancing South." Reviewed by *Archibald Henderson.*
"The Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico." Reviewed by *Ernest Gruening.*

On Swinburne

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEFORE me lies half of the new Bonchurch edition* of the complete works of Algernon Charles Swinburne, namely six volumes of the poetical works and four volumes of the tragedies. And in connection with a reperusal of the remarkable writing contained therein I have been reading Mr. Harold Nicolson's admirable monograph† upon the poet. Sir Edmund Gosse has, of course, as Mr. Nicolson says, "once and for all set the key or tone for all future study of the poet." His "Life of Swinburne" is the master-work upon that writer. For a thorough study of Swinburne as man and as artist, therefore, one has only to turn to Gosse; for a concise handbook to Swinburne comprising a most sensitive and justly-balanced estimate of the poet in perspective and in his relation to the present day, one now has Nicolson. And this new Bonchurch edition of the complete works, which will run to twenty volumes, includes, in the first volume of the poems, a selection from the papers first discovered in 1918. Beginning with this volume one is able, more thoroughly than ever before, to trace the development of the extraordinary genius of one who remains perhaps the greatest purely lyric poet in the English language.

The publications of this year may therefore possibly be said to set the capstone to the critical study of Swinburne. From W. M. Rossetti to Max Beerbohm the commentators upon the poet and the man have included J. W. Mackail, Sir Edmund Gosse, Edward Thomas, John Drinkwater, Hake and Rickett, Welby, Mrs. Disney Leith, Drayton Henderson, Coulson Kernahan, and, since Beerbohm's inimitable picture of "No. 2. The Pines," "L'Oeuvre de Swinburne," by Paul de Reul, published in Brussels. Nor are these, of course, all the many commentators.

* * *

Swinburne is but a name in America today. The present tendencies in the prosecution of the poetic art consciously take of him but little account. He is now among the classics, from the study of which all new modes and manners constantly derive sustenance, though perhaps grudgingly. What Mr. Nicolson speaks of, and rightly, as "the perfections of his prosody" are a weariness to this generation. It is an unprosodic age. We are hasty, careless, and unscholarly. Poetry as an art is regarded as an artifice. More than ever before, such poetry as Swinburne wrote to the end of his days seems to us simulacral. Experience is vital, we say; what matters is that it be conveyed. Recurrent rhythms are obnoxious. Any form rigid and symmetrical is to be deplored. Swinburne elaborated metres and cadences. "A series of such stanzas produces a sort of hypnosis," as Mr. Nicolson says. And that is all there was to Swinburne. His language, his phrase, it is true may be studied warily, but his elaborate manner, and more than all his fundamental conception of poetry are not for the age.

Which, of course, is nonsense; but we have slipped into this loose habit of thinking of a great poet who was thoroughly a master of his craft. His faults are patent. Mr. Nicolson's analysis of the reasons

*THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by SIR EDMUND GOSSE, C. B. and THOMAS WISE. In 20 Volumes. New York: Gabriel Wells. Bonchurch Edition. 1925-1926.

†SWINBURNE. By HAROLD NICOLSON. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926.

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for lethargy toward the bulk of his work, of the obstacles which obstruct communication between this poet and the modern reader, are thoroughly set forth. They exist, in his "insistent metrical stress," in his "absence of outline," in his exclusive method, in the early ossification of his emotional receptivity, in the many aspects of his temperamental abnormality. Mr. Nicholson's first chapter, in fact, "The Approach to Swinburne," is in the nature of an apologia with the avowed purpose of putting this age again in touch with a poet of whom Mr. F. L. Lucas says succinctly, "at the present day he is not popular."

"His rhythms," continues Mr. Lucas, "are obviously and unashamedly beautiful, they do not coquette with the ear; and modern affectation dislikes that. The development of metre has followed other lines, *partly because on his it could go no further;* and thus his very success has been against him." I have italicized a clause in that statement because it is a true remark. The mere metrical ingenuity of Swinburne remains an astonishing phenomenon. His experimentation in metres was extraordinary in its scope. He is still of the greatest technical interest to any poet, if it were only for this reason—except that "the development of metre has followed other lines." Yet I have observed a great deal of experimentation along the "other lines" in the past fifteen years, and venture to wonder whether we shall proceed very far along them.

Not that for an instant anyone could hope to "fall back on Swinburne." Swinburne, in fact, is one of the worst influences for the young poet. And he will probably remain an abiding fascination to generations of young poets. At a certain date in the development of the poetic faculty the manner and the music of Swinburne draw minor talents as a magnet iron filings. Imitation almost immediately sets in. And unless it be sturdily overcome there is real danger to a barely formed or to a half-formed style. The more, inasmuch as the music is so marvelous, such a siren strain; the greater danger, inasmuch as Swinburne at his best is inimitable and has gathered absolutely to himself some of the most sonorous measures in the language. Indeed, from such a craftsman, from such a scholar, from such a master of ringing phrase there is much always to be learned, far more than the illiterate bungler may be expected to admit.

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Swinburne's revolts, it is obvious, are not the revolts of today. His assaults upon religion, his almost studious interest in Italy, where "today Mazzini has given place to Mussolini," his celebration of liberty, even his early Bacchic outbursts of 1866 in "Poems and Ballads: First Series," are only historically interesting to this age. "The unconventional young," says Mr. Lucas, "think he made too much noise about liberty and too much fuss about libertinage." It is a matter of perspective. But, if so, this "noise" and this "fuss" were, after all, responsible for such organ music as

> When, with flame all around him aspirant,
> Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
> The implacable beautiful tyrant,
> Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
> And a sound as the sound of loud water
> Smote far through the flight of the fires,
> And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
> A thunder of lyres.

and, yet again, in "Super Flumina Babylonis":

> Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight
> And puts it by,
> It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate;
> How should he die?
>
> Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
> Upon his head;
> He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
> And is not dead.
>
> For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
> For one hour's space;
> Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
> A deathless face.

These accents fall with a certainty, this music thrills with an ecstasy that are qualities of only the greatest lyric poetry. It is hardly astonishing that a mind filled with such burning images, a soul concerned with such almost (as Mr. Nicolson uses the word) "astral" exaltation should be absolutely eccentric to the whirl of the world about him. "Shelley," says Mr. Nicolson, "Shelley alone of poets, though with greater self-consciousness, was equally disembodied." We may take exception to the monographist's qualifying clause concerning Shelley, but no exception may be taken to this characterization of Swinburne; his faults as a singer are so entirely those of a genius living entirely in the world of imagination. In this connection Mr. Nicolson brings out excellently the fact that Swinburne's excitement about the *Risorgimento* was almost "purely cerebral." "This impression," he goes on, "can only be increased when we compare the Songs before Sunrise with the *Giambi ed epodi* of Carducci which were written on identical subjects and during the same years." Carducci's "dominant note . . . is . . . one of fine restraint, of powerful concision, of sorrowing satire. . . . This deeper feeling, this higher seriousness, this wider comprehension, give to Carducci's poems a strength and durability in comparison to which many of the 'Songs before Sunrise' appear but as wind and air." The point is well taken, yet "Super Flumina Babylonis" from which we have quoted, remains to us a poem with whose spiritual splendor we could but ill dispense. The nature of its inspiration may have ceased to be important, but we are thankful that it was inspired, if only by an almost purely cerebral enthusiasm for the false dawn of the Roman Republic.

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Swinburne was, it is axiomatic, a hero-worshipper in excess. And toward the objects of his admiration his was a superbly generous spirit. This hero-worshipping was, except in the case of Mazzini, almost solely applied to great literary figures. As Mackail said in his Oxford lecture of 1909, "Letters were to him three-fourths of life; the poets were, in a closer sense than the rest of mankind, his own flesh and blood. His early reverence for Landor, his lifelong worship of Victor Hugo, are but two of the most striking instances out of many. Of our own Elizabethan poetry his knowledge was enormous and his appreciation searching. The Study of Shakespeare, published in 1880, is one of those works of illuminating and creative criticism which take rank as classics, and this in spite of a prose style which would damn any work of less genius."

After five years of the Pre-Raphaelite interlude and the publication of "Atalanta" in 1865, we know the story of the fevered years of high accomplishment interspersed with alcoholic indulgence that resulted finally in Swinburne's "redemption" by Watts-Dunton and the retirement to Putney in 1879. Of his life at "The Pines" Mr. Nicolson speaks with justice to Watts, and yet with a proper estimation of the deleterious factors in his influence. "It was under Watts's influence that Swinburne attacked Whistler, that he repudiated Baudelaire and Walt Whitman, and that in the final years he committed the most distressing of all apostasies, those jingo 'Songs after Sunset,' in which he attacked the Home Rule movement and welcomed the South African War. It is not surprising that such a caging of the 'light white seamew' should provoke resentment."

Swinburne remained a child in many ways. There are other instances of great poets who might almost be cited as cases of arrested development. But Swinburne's case is perhaps the most noticeable. "Handwriting," says Mackail, "if not an index to character, is often very characteristic; and Swinburne's handwriting throughout his life was like that of a schoolboy. Like a child's, his intelligence was swift and clear. But language intoxicated him."

Here too are similarities to Shelley. And also, in his poetry, in "the sheer splendor of the workmanship," though the atmosphere created was so different. Shelley, indeed, (and it is strange) remained one of Swinburne's most intense literary admirations, even to the extent of his dragging poor Shelley into what is otherwise a most negligible poem, "Eton: An Ode." If one clearly recalls Eton's treatment of Shelley there is a certain deep irony connected with the following stanza appearing in a poem composed for the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of that college, "since Eton arose in an age that was darkness . . . as a star that the spell of a wise man's word bade live and ascend and abide."

> Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers, here first heard
> Ring from lips of poets crowned and dead the Promethean word
> Whence his soul took fire, and power to outsoar the sunward-soaring bird.

Yet no other quotation illustrates quite so succinctly how alien to Swinburne was the real world of men, how alive and quick to him were the great spirits of literature, how freely he moved in a rarer and clearer element than surrounds our actions on earth. His hate, like his love, partook of the astral. His invective could be so exaggerated as to astound and then to amuse. Yet Lady Burne-Jones left a description of him, which we know from comparison with other descriptions to have been the true one, in which she said of him: "He was courteous and affectionate and unsuspicious, and faithful beyond most people to those he really loved."

As a scholar his reputation is constantly gaining more recognition where, as a singer, it is already eminently established. He was a tragic writer of the study whose "Erechtheus" is well-nigh a masterpiece on the Aeschylean model and whose poetic dramatizations of the many-sided story of Mary, Queen of Scots contain marvelous passages. "Atalanta in Calydon," of course, shines above all his work in poetry or tragedy like a star of exceptional brilliance. "Tristram of Lyonesse" he "intended to be his masterpiece." We take this from the Prelude "with its jewelled enumeration," as Mr. Nicolson calls it, "of the Zodiac of famous lovers:"

> and the star that watches flame
> The embers of the harvest overgone
> Is Thisbe's, slain of love in Babylon,
> Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs
> A blood-bright ruby; last save one light shines
> An eastern wonder of sphery chrysopras,
> The star that made men mad, Angelica's;
> And latest named and lordliest, with a sound
> Of swords and harps in heaven that ring it round,
> Last love-light and last love-song of the year's,
> Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.
> These are the signs where through the year sees move
> Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,
> A fiery body blood-red from the heart
> Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
> That close not and unclose not, but upright
> Steered without wind by their own light and might
> Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
> From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings
> And antiphones of motion-moulded rhyme
> Through spaces out of space and timeless time.

This prelude was written "almost at a sitting" eight years before the retirement to Putney, but the whole poem was not published until "The Pines" had closed around him for three years. It is perhaps natural that the poem as a whole does not altogether maintain the level of the prelude. Yet it remains a most remarkable work.

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Mr. Nicolson has noted that Swinburne is a poet whom it is absolutely necessary to read in judicious selections. He holds a higher opinion of "Poems and Ballads: Second Series," as compared with the first and more famous series, than do I. But certainly the second series, in "Ave atque Vale" and "A Forsaken Garden" contains two of his finest poems. And in "At a Month's End" appears what is to me one of the most vivid passages of natural description that Swinburne, who was not ordinarily remarkably observant of nature, ever accomplished. Here is his sea by moonlight, from that extraordinary poem:

> Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,
> Heard hardly through the windy night
> Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,
> Under wan skies and waste white light.
>
> With chafe and change of surges chiming,
> The clashing channels rocked and rang
> Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
> And all the choral water sang.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing
> At the sand's edge, a short sad breath
> Trembling to touch the goal, and dying
> With weak heart heaved up once in death.

That last description of the sigh of the surf as it ebbs from the sand seems to me a surprising achievement, wrought marvelously with short and simple words.

"Thalassius," in the later volume "Songs of the Springtides," Mr. Nicolson regards "as constituting a very illuminating and intensive disclosure of the central core of Swinburne's temperament," though the poet was "the least self-conscious of men, the least self-analytical." It should certainly be given due attention by any reader interested in arriving at the true Swinburne.

And so an end. My only hope is that these few fugitive remarks, temerariously made, have not proved too flagrant concerning the work of a poet for whom I have always cherished the most intense admiration.

The Hawthornden prize, given annually in England for the best work of imaginative literature published during the previous year, has been awarded to Sean O'Casey for his play, "Juno and the Paycock." This is the first time the prize has been awarded to a dramatist.

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The Widow of Windsor

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Second Series. Edited by GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. 1926.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

NO time could be more opportune—such are the ironies of circumstance—to review the second series of the letters of Queen Victoria than the moment when the country over which she ruled so long and well has been facing the greatest crisis in its history, to use the phrase of a newspaper for once inspired to historical reminiscence in its headlines, "since the fall of the Stuarts." For we know now, in a limited sense, how the story came out. All the great development of commerce and industry, of wealth and population, of leadership in a score of lines of human achievement which was the product of the years when she occupied the throne, all the great Age of Victoria, has come to this, that the people and the government are now face to face with the sheer problem of existence. The new Georgian era is reaping what the Victorian era sowed; the fat forties of the nineteenth century are followed by the lean twenties of the twentieth, and the very forces which lent strength to her reign are those which threaten the lives of her successors.

It has now been almost exactly twenty years since there appeared the first instalment of the "Letters of Queen Victoria," edited by Mr. A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. Those volumes were, in a sense, something of a literary and historical sensation. They offered for the first time to the world a picture of that "wiser, gentler, happier Elizabeth" of Tennyson's fulsome phrase, who had during the sixty years of her reign become something more than a sovereign to her people. Their extraordinary popularity witnessed not merely their value as a historical but as a "human" document. They revealed her not merely as a queen but as a remarkable personality; and in no small degree they explained her hold upon her people, a hold based upon her lesser as well as her greater qualities, upon her weakness as upon her strength. The very idiosyncracies which aroused the amusement of the *intelligentsia* of her time—if one can introduce so alien a word into those great days—the very homelinesses, the obvious limitations which these letters revealed, showed why the common interests of the Queen and the "common" people in whom she took such interest and who took such interest in her, ran so nearly in the same channels.

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It cannot be truly said that the present volumes fill precisely the same place as those earlier revelations. Revelations, of the great, the near great, aspirants for greatness and even for mere notoriety, are more common than they were twenty years ago. There has been a flood of "revelations" in that time which has taken the edge off of such material, and has lowered the quality almost to the point of nausea in too many instances of "indiscretions." It cannot even be said that the present volumes alter in any marked degree the impression of the Queen left by their predecessors, however much they may emphasize that impression. It is not probable that, apart from other considerations, they will become a mine from which any later Strachey will draw such an entertaining, gossipy, if misnamed a chronicle as his. Yet this much seems certain; they do not yield in interest or in importance even to their predecessors. They are, if possible, more interesting. They are filled with great events. They show the mature Queen, secure in place and power, experienced in the duties of her station, wise in events, skilled in the business of constitutional sovereignty, capable, hard-working, fulfilling her duties, absorbed in the good of the country as she conceives it—and it was no bad conception in the main—devoted to her family and to her country, and carrying her heavy burden alone.

For in another way these volumes differ from their predecessors, as the editor points out. Those earlier letters covered the period of prosperity, for the people and their Queen. They ended with the greatest blow she ever received, the death of her adored husband, the Prince Consort. These volumes begin with the aftermath of that tragedy and the tragedy of the years. She was peculiarly alone; it was the penalty of long life. Not merely was her husband, her most trusted adviser, dead; her earlier friends and ministers had gone. Melbourne, Wellington, Peel, and Aberdeen were dead; Stockmar was in retirement; and her shrewd and devoted uncle, Leopold of Belgium, was aging fast. Broken as she was by her husband's death, deprived of his constant and sympathetic support, those public functions, which make the lives of the great one long trial of nerves, became all but insupportable for her. She withdrew as far as possible from the sight of that public which first embraces, then pities, then endures, then finds fault. There were years when it seemed that Dilke's idea of the overthrow of monarchy might find followers enough to succeed; there were years of unpopularity even for the Queen herself.

Yet no one can read her letters without realizing how unjust were the views held of her in certain circles. "My weakness," she writes to her uncle in 1863, "has increased to that extent within the last two months, as to make all my good doctors anxious. It is all the result of over-anxiety, and the weight of responsibility and constant sorrow. . . . I feel like a poor hunted hare, like a child that has lost its mother, so lost, so frightened and helpless." Two years later she writes again: "I am going, alas! to Town for my last Reception, which I am truly thankful for. I shall have had *six*." Yet little by little she turned again to the routine which pressed upon her, and her interest in public affairs revived with the years.

GENERAL REO SIAO
Illustration from "Breeze in the Moonlight," by H. Bedford Jones (Putnam)

It was perhaps fortunate for her that the times were so stirring. The decade from 1860 to 1870 was one in which the nerves of all those in authority were continually on edge. As early as 1863 she writes that "Things are not in a satisfactory state in America. . . . I earnestly trust that there will be no cause for anxiety in Mexico"—a hope not destined to fulfilment. As the European drama developed with the ambitions of Prussia and the policy of Bismarck she naturally became absorbed in it. "I need not tell you that there is only one voice here as to the conduct of Prussia"—in regard to the Danes. "Prussia seems inclined to behave as atrociously as possible, and as she has always done. Odious people the Prussians are, that I must say."

By the time of the Alabama arbitration claims and the Franco-Prussian war, she was urging upon Mr. Gladstone's government the great seriousness of the situation between Great Britain and the United States and suggesting means to avert a breach. With regard to the strained relations between France and Prussia she was naturally bombarded with letters from her German relatives, especially her daughter, the German Empress, and—with the rest of the world—deplored the "insistence of the French in seeking for further grounds of quarrel," urging strongly that the rulers of Russia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Italy join with her in a combined appeal to the Prussian king and the French Emperor to avert war.

Whatever her opinions once the war broke out these letters preserve a proper diplomatic reserve. Whatever the Queen may have thought of the war, of the many exculpatory letters sent her from her German relatives, or of the screen from the French Empress's boudoir at St. Cloud sent to the Queen by her daughter, with explanations and apologies, either the Queen or her editor was too wise to commit any replies to print. With her position as the head of the state, as a relative of the conquerors and a friend of the conquered, with the resentment against Prussia in England, with the wave of anti-monarchial feeling, and the Prussian resentment against England, it was certainly no time to commit one's self. And no one can read the chronicle of these years in particular without perceiving that the situation of a monarch is far from being the sinecure, much less the bed of roses, which the popular imagination too often pictures, not even the situation of the most constitutional of monarchs in the most modern of states. The words which occur most frequently in these letters are not "leisure and pleasure in ample measure," but "duty," "anxiety," "work," and "responsibility."

Yet however anxious, laborious, and filled with the spirit of duty and responsibility, can a sovereign in these days of democracy have any effect upon government? What is the sphere of a constitutional monarch? Since the fall of the Stuarts what can a king or a queen of England do? Very little, no doubt, openly and officially; perhaps nothing at all to stem the tide of public opinion or even much divert it, even though that tide threatened to sweep away monarchy itself. Of this there is no better illustration than the incident of Sir Charles Dilke's speech at Newcastle in 1871. In that famous utterance Sir Charles allowed himself an attack upon the Queen's savings which must be so great as to be regarded as almost "malversation" of public funds, and an allegation that in defiance of her promise she did not pay income tax.

To those charges—which were untrue, as was soon proved—there were three replies. The first was a mild disclaimer from the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone. The second was a vigorous letter from the Queen to that minister, taking him to task, in effect, for not rebutting the charges more sharply, and a reply from Mr. Gladstone explaining that he thought it unwise to magnify the incident and thus make it an important issue. The third was the popular repudiation of the views expressed by Dilke, and a great revival of sympathy and support for the Queen.

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But in general the crown was chiefly interested in the older prerogatives—foreign affairs, the army and navy, the church, Society, and the general welfare of its subjects, without too specific reference to the particular measures taken by ministers to that end. In all of these the hand of the Queen is to be seen. She is essentially concerned with peace and insuring it by every means in her power, with perhaps one striking exception—Russia. Nothing, she writes in 1876, "must deter us from doing what really *is right*, viz., to prevent Russia from having the upper hand in the East, and to make it clear that any occupation of Turkish territory will be instantly followed by a like act on our part, as we can never allow Constantinople to be occupied by Russia."—in which doctrine she found her ministers in full accord.

As to the army, the *coup d'état* by which Mr. Gladstone secured reform of the old system of purchased commissions through the exercise of the royal prerogative finds less attention than one might expect in these papers, while the elaborate reports of Mr. Cardwell on army reform seem to have affected her chiefly in her concern for the position in which it placed the Duke of Cambridge. But it was in the church that she found the chief field for the exercise of her influence. That institution which was regarded as a legitimate perquisite of politics by her favorite minister, Disraeli, was looked on in a very different light by his mistress, and the establishment owes her much for her careful consideration, and her almost invariably good judgment in appointments. And, finally, throughout runs a constant stream of what for want of a better word may be called "sympathy," with the poor in her own country, with the oppressed and massacred Christians of the Balkans, with the difficulties of her official servants in the Empire, with such cases of injustice as same to her notice. It was, the cynic may say, her *métier* to sympathize, as it is that of any politician. Yet it might have been diffierent. And it is perhaps that quality, as part of her nature so closely attuned to that of her people, which, despite her high place and the element of pride and even vanity which it must breed in the strongest nature, gave her the high place she held in their affections.

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The Essay—Still Alive

ESSAYS OF 1925. Selected with an Introduction by ODELL SHEPARD. Hartford, Connecticut: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1926. $2.50.

DETOURS (Passable but Unsafe). By PHILIP S. MARDEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

NOT the least interesting part of "Essays of 1925" is the Introduction. It begins with a defense of anthologists, whose affair is "to winnow, to concentrate, and to preserve" the best of our fugitive magazine material, as fast as it is produced. Thus far (says Mr. Shepard) they have confined themselves to verse and fiction: this is the first attempt "to preserve the fugitive articles and essays which reveal and record still more clearly than our poetry and short stories the inner spirit of the years through which we are passing." The comparative may be challenged but better let it pass as a form of vigorous statement. The essay is our business here, and is naturally magnified for the moment. We note that the anthologist uses "essay" loosely, to cover magazine literature which is not verse or fiction or informative "special article."

Towards the end of his Introduction, Mr. Shepard confesses that he first meant to bring together the best familiar essays of the year, but had to abandon the plan for lack of matter.

> Rightly understood, it is an interesting commentary upon the American magazine of 1925 that the familiar essay, at its best perhaps the most purely delightful and the most highly civilized of literary forms, is very slightly represented in them. . . . One man, at least, while reading his way through the non-fictional prose of recent magazines, has often sighed for more frequent oases of urbane and civilized laughter, little zones of leisure remote from the drum-fire of argument and the rattle of statistics, in which one might remember that literature is after all an art.

We shudder to think of the Menckenian reaction to this, the utterance of a college professor, too! However, there is no surplus of mere art in the book before us. Indeed, the absence I won't say of distinction, but of any literary quality in most of these papers, is striking. Their general character is timely and controversial. They reflect a generation straining to lift itself by its bootstraps. They anxiously announce that something is wrong with this day and generation, and hasten to put forward this or that remedy. They discuss "what is the matter with" all kinds of things—society, government, the church, the younger generation. Half a dozen of them rally once again to the assault on puritanism. Titles like "The Pestilence of Fanaticism," "Hands Off!" and "American Fascism" declare a determined offensive against the repressive and centralizing forces of the hour. There is much spirited writing in these articles, but nothing that need really be preserved as literature.

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The first paper to ring the bell of æsthetic response is Edgar Lee Masters's forcible and masterly arraignment of W. J. Bryan, called "The Christian Statesman;" and this falls off in quality towards the end. It was written in heat, while Bryan was alive, and during the process of its composition the artist in Masters succumbed to the pamphleteer.

"Dolichocephalic," by Ernest Boyd, and "Timesquarese," by Robert Haven Schauffler, while of not less "timely" interest, have the quality of the essay in the urbane sense of the word; and the last five or six papers in the collection are engaging exercises in the familiar essay form.

To this form unmistakably belong the "Detours" of Philip S. Marden. Mr. Marden has been a newspaper editor for many years, and says of these "slight sketches" that "prepared originally for newspaper publication, it is probable that the trail of the journalistic serpent is over them all despite a conscientious effort to obliterate as far as possible his traces." But for an occasional tendency to rub in the effect, nothing of the kind is noticeable. Now and then, as in the title essay, we feel the essayist working away too industriously at his idea, amusing enough in itself, but better touched than labored. Oftener he deals lightly and easily with the right substance of the familiar essay,—those common moods and experiences which most of us feel vaguely and are able to express not at all. Papers like "The Carver's Art," and "Cellar Economics," illumine these universal domestic burdens under which the ordinary citizen suffers dumbly, with shame. How reassuring to find a fellow-sufferer able to make light of them, as something belonging not to personal inefficiency but to the common lot! Other papers, like the pleasant tribute to those famous authors Ibid and Anon who so impressed us in childish days, and "The Saving Grace," an essay on old letters, are (unstudiedly) in the vein of the unforgotten Autocrat.

Reading these pages, I found myself thinking, again and again, "A good book to give away," and turning over this friend and that as a possible recipient. Experience teaches me that a book about which I feel this, usually turns out to be a good book to keep.

Ellis, Man and Critic

HAVELOCK ELLIS. A Biographical and Critical Survey. By ISAAC GOLDBERG. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

TWO eminent British men of letters have permitted Americans to write their biographies while they are still alive. Shaw probably was attracted by Archibald Henderson's subtle resemblance to Hector Malone, but the affinity between Havelock Ellis and Dr. Goldberg is not so clear. In neither case, however, do the results indicate that the experiment should be repeated.

Havelock Ellis has been recognized for twenty years as the outstanding authority in the field of sex psychology, and his rank as philosopher and man of letters is not likely to be questioned by anyone who remembers the tingle of intellectual excitement that accompanied the reading of "The Dance of Life." Yet these two works represent only two facets of the multiform achievement of the man whom Mencken, in a phrase which will be quoted by every reviewer, calls "the most civilized Englishman of his generation." The initiator of two such notable collections as the Mermaid Dramatists and the Contemporary Science Series, the editor of Ibsen, Heine, and Vasari, the author of "The Soul of Spain," of "A Study of British Genius," and of "Impressions and Comments," needs and merits a biographer who can show the essential unity of these seemingly discreet productions and interpret the rich and beautiful personality which made them. And Dr. Goldberg is not the man for the job.

The best that can be said for the present book is that it is somewhat less turgid and verbose than the author's previous study of "The Man Mencken," but like its predecessor it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the "scholarly" method applied to contemporary biography. Having gathered a vast heap of information, some of it important, much of it trivial, Dr. Goldberg cannot separate the wheat from the chaff, and so shovels it all, pell-mell, between the covers of his book. His latest opus is based on a pamphlet, originally prepared for the Haldeman-Julius Company, to which he has added the contents of several magazine articles, including a study of the late Edith Lees Ellis, and a miscellany of Havelock Ellis's early writings, hitherto unpublished. The fusion of this scattered material is far from perfect. Pointless repetitions are frequent—for instance, Ellis's knowledge of the Uruguayan essayist, Rodó, mentioned on page 12, is lugged in again on pages 33 and 231—and from time to time the critic intrudes his own personality in front of his subject, like a honeymooner posing against Niagara Falls. Thus, apropos of Ellis's early interest in religion, Dr. Goldberg remarks, "Yet it was not God who preoccupied him; he never took the slightest interest in that worthy." And again he takes time out to comment on the curious fact that the pronunciation of Ellice Hopkins's first name is the same as that of Havelock Ellis's last.

If collectors are in the field for Ellis "firsts," this volume will appeal to them because of the numerous items, in verse and prose, which are here printed for the first time. The verses, considered as literature, add nothing to Ellis's reputation; with the exception of several fine sonnets, already available elsewhere, they are mostly awkward, immature, and imitative. The early specimens of his prose are valuable for the light they shed on the development of his thought, and one paper, the "Open Letter to Biographers," stands firmly on its own feet as a trenchant and provocative essay. Apart from this Ellis material, all that can be said for the book is that it presents badly some information nowhere else accessible, and may therefore, on the ground that a poor study of a great man is better than none at all, have its place until a good study appears.

Americana Reviewed

THE HOME TOWN MIND. By DUNCAN AIKMAN. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by LYMAN BRYSON

MR. AIKMAN'S essays—in the Mencken manner—are about a few of the things which Mr. Mencken has not yet had time to blast with his unholy fires and they display a good deal of power. He clubs the "boobery" whenever he can catch them being themselves, and hacks at them when they try anything else. Pungent derision is directed upon American fascism, political cowardice and indifference, religious intolerance, self-righteousness, editorial insincerity, clutching at culture, prohibition, fundamentalism, and the general ineptitude of our present state. The papers are gathered from previous publication in the *American Mercury* and *Harper's Magazine*, where they were responsible for much amusement and, let us hope, some heart searchings.

Mr. Aikman's best satire is on the regions he seems to know most intimately, the Middle West of his youth and the Mexican border of his present scornful habitation. He wants to know why Indiana has no longer any real independence of thought and his enquiries are so brilliantly put that they must disturb any Hoosier not too far sunk in Babbittarian sloth. He finds the Middle-westerner pathetic when trying to "see life" in the public bungholes along the border, such as Juarez and Tia Juana. Perhaps he weakens this last complaint by indulging in some of the mannerisms of a professional "wet" as when assuming, for example, that the test of an "American he-man's innate *savoir faire*" is tact in conversing with a bartender.

He is less effective in lancing the bubbles of a Santa Barbara "art" movement, but even here, and certainly through most of the book, he exercises his admirable wit in behalf of truth, and on the theory that a hiding is good for a boy—whether he deserves it or not nothing is wasted.

When analyzing the impulses beneath much of the present activities of churches, Mr. Aikman gets deepest into our diseased souls. He ignores whole phases of religious experience which are genuine, as he would doubtless admit, but he lays bare the ugliest of facts, that "in hundreds of thousands of tabernacles, Christians are being taught to hate their fellow men."

In his preface he names a reason for most of our sins; "we are incessantly eager to conform to new conventions." And the only sin the Home Town Mind can recognize, as he makes abundantly plain, is non-conformity.

Sidney Lanier, the poet of the New South, became associated with the Johns Hopkins University in its earliest years and died in its service as Lecturer in English Literature. To perpetuate his memory it is proposed to create at Johns Hopkins a Sidney Lanier Memorial. Though the plans of the Committee may later be expanded, at present they consist of two projects: first, the provision of a memorial room or alcove in which books by and about Lanier and all such memorabilia of the poet as it may be possible to secure will be suitably housed; second, the establishment of a Sidney Lanier Fund the income of which will be used for the purchase of books in the general field of American literature, the collection to constitute a permanent memorial to the poet. The Committee solicits contributions. Checks should be made payable to the Johns Hopkins University and communications addressed to Dr. John C. Freudi, chairman of the Sidney Lanier Memorial Committee.

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Business Ethics

THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND THE EVOLUTION OF STANDARDS IN BUSINESS. By GEORGE M. CALHOUN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $1.

THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS. A Study of Current Standards. By EDGAR L. HEERMANCE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS FRYER
New York University

ETHICS is a subject about which the philosopher, the religious enthusiast, and the man on the street have a very positive opinion, and it so happens that, as far as a factual basis for good and bad conduct is concerned, any one of these opinions is as likely to be true as the others. A foundation for an absolute ethics has been the subject of search by idealists for ages and it is only in fairly recent sociological thinking that the conclusion has been drawn that ethical principles are relative, that each social group has certain ways of doing things acceptable only within that group. But, as groups combine into larger groups, ethical principles change and there is a new demand to know what is right. Codes of ethics are hammered out in the competitive struggle of individuals and smaller groups and certain practices come to be acceptable or not acceptable to the group as a whole. This has been the situation in the evolution of modern business and most of us have come to consider our business dealings highly moral and unapproached by any earlier social group. We have flattered ourselves that no society was ever so social in its business ethics as our own and there comes to us somewhat of a shock to find that in reality we are only repeating history. Modern business, says George M. Calhoun in his most interesting lecture entitled "The Ancient Greeks and the Evolution of Standards in Business," has not contributed an ethical business ideal beyond what existed during the age of Pericles, contrary to the generally accepted notion, thanks largely to H. G. Wells, that outside of a small group of pure and lofty souls the Hellenes were an unworthy snarling rabble of commercial swindlers. With the fact that there were unethical practices among the Greeks, Mr. Calhoun is not unfamiliar and he gives us many interesting illustrations based upon court records: There was a pair of knaves, named Hegestratus and Xenothemis, specialists in the art of swindling the men who financed shipping ventures. They negotiated heavy loans by the simple device of offering at different ports the cargo which belonged to others as security and then attempted to sink the ship at sea. It is estimated that the Parthenon was sold to a country rube at least as often as the Flatiron Building. The "shyster" lawyer, in spite of stringent legal enactments against his existence, is found almost as often in ancient Athens as in our own large cities. There were individuals so lost to every sense of decency that they would actually attempt to corner the wheat market, although in Athens this misdemeanor was punishable by death. But, says Mr. Calhoun, granting all stories of rascality as literally true, they do not justify the inference that the majority of the Athenians were unprincipled or that the general tone of morality in their business relations is low. They prove rather that Greeks, when they were rascals, were intelligent and effective rascals making their dishonest career a success in the same manner as in other more creditable activities.

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Our present-day men of affairs are inclined to feel that business, after long groping in the dark, has suddenly seen a great light, that there has been suddenly evolved a conception of the business function not as unreasoning production and distribution of wealth, but such production and distribution as will procure for mankind a maximum of material and spiritual well-being. This ideal of service, of the betterment of mankind, says Mr. Calhoun, was the ideal of Greek trade and industry of the fourth century B. C. At this time the Greek is found to be living in a commercial environment not unlike our own except in extent of luxury. In the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. the data of economics were studied systematically and its fundamental concepts subjected to critical analysis. Apparently for the first time in history, says Mr. Calhoun, general principles were formulated in a conscious attempt to correlate and explain the facts of economic life and to establish forms for the better performance of economic functions. This Greek economic theory was founded upon the humanitarian principles which underlie the thought of many economists today and in its moral aspects, the subject of inquiry of Mr. Calhoun's little book, there are found few serious limitations.

The Greek economic system is considered by Mr. Calhoun to be a new system created by the Greek mind. Collectively and individually, theoretically and in practice, the Greeks acknowledge the responsibilities of wealth. Private property had a "sacredness" hardly equaled in modern times. The State had the recognized right to require of her citizens financial support proportionate to their means. To the age of Pericles we can be truly grateful for a system of business ethics which is only recently coming to be fully realized.

Mr. Calhoun would have us make these Greek ethical principles the subject of scientific trial, which has been the ideal of the social scientist in all fields of ethics for some time. He would have us bring the problems of morals into a business laboratory for scientific investigation. This is a difficult thing to do. But there is a substitute procedure in the study of business ethics, which is the method of Edgar L. Heermance in his book entitled "The Ethics of Business, A Study of Current Standards." Ethical standards at present in force in various industries have been collected, compared, and criticized. The book has as its foundation these observed facts, which are used for the provisional generalization of a science of Ethics.

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In this survey of current business standards the trade association is found to be the most significant factor in the recent developments of business ethics. As a social phenomenon, the nearest parallel is the rise of the mediæval guilds. Like the guild, the American trade association represents the voluntary regulation of an industry from within, as contrasted with compulsory regulation from without. It differs from the guild in the fact that membership is open to all firms in good standing, and in the retention of competition between members. The efficient trade association is generally a fact-collecting agency.

These associations, in many cases, have been able to standardize production, introducing common terms and dimensions and eliminating superfluous types of goods. In 1921, 66 different kinds of paving brick were being made. A committee of the National Paving Brick Manufacturers' Association decided that such extreme variety was unnecessary and wasteful. After repeated conferences they cut the number to four. In the same way, the heights of the farm wagon wheels being manufactured were reduced from 41 to 3, and the standard sizes of writing paper stock from 154 to 25. Counting out what may be classed as "trade customs," but including professional codes, Mr. Heermance has in his collection approximately 300 documents of different trade associations, and most of them have been adopted within the last three years. The trade association with its code of business ethics holds today a strategic position in modern business life.

The development of business standards is thought by Mr. Heermance to be a part of the general movement to lessen the evils of free competition, while conserving its advantages. A great ethical principle is seen to emerge, which is generally termed coöperation, but which Mr. Heermance prefers to refer to as the principle of common interest. With the dawn of the modern industrial era, somewhat over a hundred years ago, business ethics took color from the utilitarian philosophy then dominant. Self-interest was regarded as the motive power of human action. It was thought necessary to allow to the individual absolute freedom in competition for personal gain. Business practice has come to recognize in this procedure many evils and to hold that self-interest must be enlightened to recognize *common* self-interest, which has brought into existence the trade association to promote certain common interests and the philosophy of coöperation.

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In retail trade, organization has been very much slower than with the manufacturing groups. This is due to the large number of stores and their extreme independence. Mr. Heermance illustrates the importance here attached to good-will. The longer Jewelers' code says: "Make adjustments cheerfully and give the customer the benefit of any doubt which may arise. A satisfied customer inside the store is worth a dozen disgruntled ones on the sidewalk." This principle has passed from the retail store into other lines of trade. Good-will is considered to be a practical business principle. Every action brings its reaction, says Mr. Heermance, and in ethics, as in physics, action and reaction are more or less equal. Good-will, expressed in fairness, courtesy, and consideration bring in return the good-will of the customer, which is the greatest asset in any business.

The ethical line between a professional and a business code is found in this study of ethical standards not to be so sharply drawn as of old. Like the doctor or the engineer, the photographer is employed to render personal service and service to others.

Many of the codes described take a definite stand for prices based on cost of production plus a fair profit. The function of business is conceived to be to produce and distribute goods required by the community. Profit is then, in theory, says Mr. Heermance, the compensation which society makes to an industry for rendering such service, as distinguished from the direct cost of the service.

The development of business ethics in the field of advertising is discussed at length. Each member of the American Association of Advertising Agencies is required to subscribe to the "Standards of Practice," which forbid the preparation or handling of "any advertising of an untruthful, indecent, or objectionable character." For correcting abuses among advertisers and other sellers of goods or securities, the most important machinery is the system of "Better Business Bureaus," or commissions, now organized in 44 of the principal cities. The function of the Better Business Bureau is to raise the general level of reliability in business dealings. In handling the unscrupulous or shortsighted merchant, the chief aim is to change his point of view. Retail stores are finding it necessary to spend for advertising from 2 to 5 per cent of their gross sales. The only way to reduce its relative cost is to increase its credence value. And advertising cannot be brought back to par without collective action.

In the field of labor problems the chief contribution of business ethics is along the line of sound ethical method. The success with which trade associations have worked out the relations of competitor with competitor, and of the business man with the public, suggests the results that may be expected when similar methods are applied to the relations of employer and employee. The problems still to be worked out in the field of employment are considered by the writer to be of the type fundamental to all business ethics.

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Both writers, discussed in this review, offer a factual basis in their study of the problems of business ethics and both plead for a more scientific approach to the problem. Thus far business ethics has been a more or less empirical art—possibly less than more. In these two books experiences gained and working rules developed in this way have been carefully analyzed. Mr. Heermance defines business ethics, insofar as it represents a process of reasoning as the attempt to adjust social relations of the group through observing the consequences of behavior, and in closing a most enlightening discussion of standard ethical principles he offers an objective test which is capable of the widest application:

> First, what is the effect on our own group of the line of conduct under consideration; is it favorable or unfavorable? Second, what is its effect on the wider community with which we are in contact?

Trade associations and industrial arbitration boards are constantly facing new situations, where custom and precedent do not directly apply. It is Mr. Heermance's belief that they will find work facilitated by the use of these practical tests for the evaluating of group behavior.

Opportunity, the journal of negro life, presided recently over the Award Dinner of its second Literary Contest. The aim of this contest has been to stimulate and foster creative effort among Negroes; to uncover artistic materials in Negro life; to locate and aid in orienting Negro writers of ability. The Holstein prizes are awarded for the short story, the play, the essay, for poetry, personal experience sketches, and musical compositions. These prizes are supplemented by the Alexander Pushkin Poetry Prize and the F. C. W. C. Prizes for Constructive Journalism.

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Wassermann Stories

OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES. By JACOB WASSERMANN. Translated by Allen W. Porterfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLGA MARX

"OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES" is the second volume of a series which Jacob Wassermann has entitled "The Turningpoint" (*Wendekreis*). The first contains a number of short stories introduced by the tale of "The Unknown Guest" which the translator of Oberlin has transplanted and prefaced to his book without any explanation, the unspoken, regrettable implication being that the first volume, whimsical and profound, is not going to be rendered into English.

This "Unknown Guest" is actually quite a familiar personage to all lovers of "The World's Illusion;" none less than Christian Wahnschaffe himself, who unrolls a magical panorama of life to a middle-aged poet, whose mood of listless discouragement has drained the colors from his world and effectually crippled his creative faculty. But Christian, who has been in America and China, in mines and opium dens, always among people, always alone, gathers up the broken threads and weaves a pattern of random incidents bound to mystic kinship by the power of his passionate vision. In Christian's narrative lurks the clue to the whole series: "The Turningpoint." Diverging widely in plot and manner all four volumes, "The Unknown Guests," "Oberlin's Three Stages," "Gold," and "Faber" are united by a new flame of intuition which gnaws its way through the motley husks of things to the common core.

The evolution of Dietrich Oberlin is a masterly study of the development of a seventeen-year-old boy, passive product of his environment, into an independent human being, who has proven his potentialities for insurgent thoughtfulness and tragic love. In the first stage he is uprooted from the conventions of his household, cradled tranquilly in venerable traditions, and placed under the influence of a rebellious and original teacher, who engraves his radical albeit inflexible theories of life on the *tabula rasa* of his pupil's receptive mind. Oberlin's dormant capacity to love is kindled into a disciple's worship for him until in the second stage he experiences the sexual urge toward a woman of mean and corrupt spirit who disturbs and arouses him physically. The third stage is his complete love for two sisters who merge into one through the strange intricacies of the story. Running its separate path and yet inextricably connected with his emotional growth is his relation to his mother, a significant addition to the problem of mothers and sons in literature.

Favorite Wassermann themes, murder, magic, dream are handled with rare appreciation of their subtler possibilities. A mysterious suicide takes place and the suspense which reaches its climax in a confession of guilt at the moment of love-fulfilment vies in breathlessness with Monsieur Le Coq, only that here we are on elusive planes dealing with stuff intangible and exquisite, like those finer atoms that—*vide Lucretius*—compose the soul.

Wassermann's use of the dream is a perfect application to fiction of the theory of Freud and Jung. In "Die Masken Erwin Reiners," one of his earlier less significant works, the chief characters have dreams which not only foreshadow but interpret every event of their lives. Here the exploitation of current psychology is not so obvious, but Oberlin's dreams are important indications of his character and mood, and they are further marked by that sensuous beauty of shifting colors and shapes which is a potent factor in the incantation of Wassermann's style.

"Sturreganz," a charming tale of a comedian and his child, set in the period between the Seven Years' War and the War of the Bavarian Succession, completes the volume. The ponderous, gloomy Markgrave Alexander and his ambitious mistress, Lady Craven, the Pescanelli Institute, nominally an educational institution, virtually a training-school for prostitutes, are all touched to life by that blend of knowledge and intuition which make Wassermann a great conjurer of history. The story is dedicated to his daughter Eva Agathe, portrayed in the enchanting little girl, Beckchen Taube, who, a tiny descendent of the Pied Piper, finds solace for her loneliness in the companionship of mice.

Altogether "Oberlin's Three Stages" is an important contribution to the Wassermann literature in this country. It is a book rife with revelation and fortunately Dr. Porterfield's translation has ease and fluency and occasionally attains that fervent beauty of style which has made Wassermann one of the greatest prose-writers of Germany. It is to be hoped that his last novel, "Laudin und die Seinen," a magnificent literary study of divorce, will soon appear in English.

Short Stories

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD. An anthology selected from the literatures of all periods and all countries by BARRETT H. CLARK and MAXIM LIEBER. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925. $5.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL PRIZE STORIES OF 1925. Selected by the Society of Arts and Sciences. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by FRANCES NEWMAN
Author of "Mutations of the Short Story"

MR. BARRETT CLARK, as all students in dramatic courses and all members of drama leagues and little theatre leagues and women's clubs must remember, has consistently devoted himself to the translation and the exposition of the drama which used to be called the modern drama—the drama which felt that it was another "Doll's House" or another "Rosmersholm" if it had a high moral purpose which the bourgeois would consider a highly immoral purpose, if it had one rather abstract noun for its title, if it had a clergyman among its characters, and if it nevertheless limited all its characters to speeches of one sentence. But now, with the assistance of Mr. Maxim Lieber, Mr. Clark has searched the literature of five thousand years and thirty-five nations, and he has found one hundred and seventy-seven stories worthy of being called great short stories. There could hardly be better evidence that the modern drama has had its long day, and that the short story is now the literary form of which no aspiring club member can be found ignorant.

"Great Short Stories of the World" will be an excellent text-book for those ladies, and very few of them are likely to find it discouragingly difficult. And since neither Mr. Clark nor Mr. Lieber apparently has an opinion about the short story, or even a preference, it should also be an excellent text-book for more formal students in more exigent classes. Mr. Clark and Mr. Lieber have followed American tradition in choosing their stories as if none of their readers would ever have seen a story before, and in introducing them with commentaries apparently intended for readers without average intelligence. They have also followed American tradition by beginning with anecdotes from the Old Testament and jatakas from India and scraps of Greek and German and English epic poems, all of which may be very remote ancestors of our stories—even of the O. Henry prize stories—but which are certainly not short stories themselves, and which are not necessary in this book unless the story of how Prometheus brought fire down from Olympus to mortal man is necessary in a history of the Chicago fire.

* * *

No principle of selection is laid down, and only one principle can possibly be deduced. Mr. Clark and Mr. Lieber seem to have chosen stories which school boards and club committees could not find subversive of morals or of dogmas. There could be no other conceivable reason for choosing "The Falcon" from all the stories of Boccaccio, or "Memnon the Philosopher" from the stories of Voltaire, or "Our Lady's Juggler" from the stories of Anatole France, or "The Bet" from all the incomparable stories of Chekhov. But if propriety is the principle, the choice of Petronius's version of "The Matron of Ephesus" is inexplicable.

There are, however, at least three indications that all this following of tradition is not solely due to the editors' conservatism, and that it may possibly be due to a lack of the diligent research which suggests variation and sometimes justifies it. All except three of the Russian stories are taken from the Modern Library's "Best Russian Short Stories," every one of the ten old Italian tales is taken from Thomas Roscoe's "Italian Novelists," and the three mediæval French tales are from the two volumes of mediæval French romances in Everyman's Library.

Naturally enough, then, only two of their elucidations make statements positive enough to be challenged. The first statement was undoubtedly true fifty years ago, when the stories of Merimée and Maupassant had given the story everything except a soul, but a world which knows the stories of Chekhov and Henry James and Joseph Conrad is hardly likely to agree with it. And neither is the world likely to agree with the popular American belief which is echoed by Mr. Clark and Mr. Lieber in their second positive statement—the belief that "'The Necklace' is generally conceded to be one of Maupassant's most highly finished achievements." The unfortunate story cannot be blamed for its effect on O. Henry, or for the illegitimate offspring which have been blighting American magazines for a quarter of a century, but America is certainly the only country in which "The Necklace" has diminished the fame of "Boule de Suif" or of "Madame Tellier's Establishment."

Perhaps the day of the astonishing ending is over. There was good evidence for that belief even before Dr. Blanche Colton Williams and the O. Henry Memorial committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences approved seventeen stories in the name of O. Henry, and not one of the stories could be said to have an astonishing end. With four honorable exceptions, the stories follow the technique of a statue instead of following the technique of a joke—they begin with a situation no more uncommon than the statue's two feet, and they curve up to their development and their crisis and their dénouement as smoothly as the once celebrated Greek Slave curves up to its knees and its hips and its shoulders and its throat, and their ends are as easily foreseen as the crown of the statue's head.

The Society's committee seems always to admire the humorless heaviness of Wilbur Steele's stories, but since they feel that they cannot give him their prize every year, they have followed what Dr. Williams's introduction calls the law of averages, and they have given their first prize to a story written by Julian Street and called "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," and their second prize to a story handsomely called "Splendid with Swords" and written by Wythe Williams. If the word mediocrity had not existed for a depressing number of centuries, some one would surely have invented it to describe Mr. Street's story of his little merchant, and Mr. Williams's story of his fencing-master—stories which undoubtedly comply with the requirement that a work of art must completely realize its creator's intention, and which realize it in very much the same way that "The Rosary" must have realized the ideal of Mrs. Barclay.

The Committee gave its prize for the best very short story to Mary Austin's "Papago Wedding"—the most admirable story in the book, I think, even though it contains a story of Sherwood Anderson's, and a story of Du Bose Heyward's which became a chapter of "Porgy." None of those three stories, of course, has the horribly efficient and mechanical mediocrity which is commonly called technique in America. Mrs. Austin and Mr. Anderson and Mr. Heyward all know that technique, but they are all able to create the techniques that their themes require. But Julia Peterkin's "Maun Lou" gives me the feeling that its author should have practised her scales in private before she began to play her little pieces in public.

Fine Spun Impressions

MISS TIVERTON GOES OUT. Anonymous. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE unknown author of this fine British literary still-life has no cause to be ashamed of her achievement on the ground of any lack of merit. One cannot doubt, however, that the story of Juliet Simpson is largely autobiographical, the work of a woman and a writer of some experience, who may feel it necessary to flee from the wrath of the relatives so adroitly exposed and pilloried in her book. She deals cruelly, but always with restraint, with the appallingly pretentious background of a wealthy parvenu family, in the midst of which an extremely sensitive child is being brought up.

There is nothing of the conventional misunderstood daughter about Juliet Simpson, though, and she is portrayed quite without self-pity. As she grows up, there is naturally more difficulty in escaping the obvious implications of the average psychological novel of adolescence. In this case there is no final fullfilment to be recorded; practically speaking, there is no plot, and the book con-

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sists of a series of fine-spun impressions, filled with a deeply sensitive understanding that will repay the attention of anyone at all interested in better writing or better reading.

The author has studied this difference of personality and environment calmly, with something of E. M. Forster's analytical quality and something of Katharine Mansfield's Anglo-Russian simplicity of diction lending it the greatest distinction. It is a book not immediately related to any phase of the American existence, a quiet book, very minor, carefully shaded, neither easily noticeable nor, perhaps, over important in the present scramble for recognition, but for all that a very good book indeed.

Love and Adventure

HANGMAN'S HOUSE. By DONN BYRNE. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

DONN BYRNE'S new novel is inescapably bound for popularity. The last traditional Irish novel, the author calls it, and however much one may suspect that "last" is used in the sense it acquires when attached to farewell appearances, there is no evading the magical connotation of the word "Irish" in a novel by Donn Byrne. When he sings of his people, gentry and peasantry, in melodies from which fairies, leprechauns, and pookas cannot be excluded, when he paints the country-side that snuggles under Three-Rock Mountain with a brush dipped in the misty tints blended by memory and an ardent patriotism, when for good measure he gives us an appealingly lovely heroine, a brave fair lady who with equally gallant sportsmanship races her own horses and plays the ancient rôle of wife-in-name-only opposite her "twister" of a husband, when he companions her with a lover so chivalrous, tender, and restrained as to make one's voice grow husky in the praising of him, who could ask for more? Surely no nostalgic Irish-American, surely no reader in search of a stirring tale sweetened by sentiment and romance.

And yet it is not too venturesome to predict that some of the bewitched readers of "Messer Marco Polo," "Blind Raftery," and "The Wind Bloweth" may well emerge unenchanted from "Hangman's House." One hurried, breathless with wonder, through those glamorous earlier tales, too much beguiled by the exuberance of their color, fragrance, and music to pause at overgrown sign-posts plainly marked Tawdry and Conventional. In "Hangman's House" the sign-posts stand out all too clearly at times and the lush growths that should hide them are planted a little too consciously to be effective.

Perhaps the necessity of writing a "traditional" Irish novel has laid a tricky burden upon the author. In the effort to recapture an old charm his pen becomes heavy with inversions and sticky with the adjective "sweet." His words often lack the very touch of magic he would so evidently give them. All things delectable and irresistible are here—hounds and a hunt, thoroughbreds and a steeplechase, ancient superstitions and ancient retainers to mouth them wittily, a brave revolutionist slipping in and out of the action in disguise, a story-teller of Connemara telling the story of the great Irish poet Dan Hoyser and how he met Venus in the mountains of High Germany—but somehow they farce the thin plot too obviously, too much aware themselves of their part in the traditional Irish novel. One misses the fiery-hearted jewels and richly chased gold of the more exotic tales, but above all one misses the poetic wedding of gem to setting, of matter to manner, that in Byrne's best work, whether the scene be laid in Antrim, Marseilles, or the Chinese garden of Kubla Khan, betrays the artisan captivated and inspired by his craft.

The gift of romance is so precious in these days, however, that it seems ungracious not to accept it without question. What if the themes be slightly threadbare and commonplace, and the telling less lilting and flavorous than Donn Byrne at his best? Here one may find love and adventure in the very home of love and adventure, a spirit and phrase engagingly Irish. After chuckling at the subtleties of a sophisticated Helen and assisting at the wowish debut of Lorelei the gold-digger, here one may unblushingly dream away an evening in a world of self-denial and hesitancies, where only the pure deserve the brave, where passion is gentle and grave and tender, where sentiment is not a term of reproach. If such a world casts no spell over the critical conscience, well, so much the worse for the critical conscience.

The BOWLING GREEN

In the Mail

London

IF you want the really real stuff, read the enclosed. (*In Retreat*, by Herbert Read. London: The Hogarth Press, 1925). It is a masterly thing, perfect restraint, and a princely work of art. In 32 pages of cardboard bound booklet Read gives a journal of the retreat of the British Fifth Army from St. Quentin, March, 1918. What about it?

Q. Is it another war book?

A. *Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.*

Q. Is it apology?

A. *There is little honor to be had in a retreat.*

Q. Is it tender-minded?

A. *At this time*
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.

At least it is small. Worthless narratives, as we know, appear in big volumes. Who knows? It may repay reading, as do Xenophon and Shakespeare.

. . . History, even realistic history, is ineffective. Who is not happy while reading a history of all the misery and moaning of our good old forefathers? A tyrant like Caligula, a pope like Alexander VI, or a devil (a villain, a smiling damned villain) like Caesar Borgia—all these are mighty good reading. As human beings, that is all they matter to us. The story of the War has its hold on the present generation, but the War and the dead won't matter as bloody calamity and creatures blasted to the coming—even to the proximate—generations. The science of history (an interesting and pleasant exercise) is ineffective. The only sciences with roots of their own are the pure sciences.

* * *

Chester, Vermont

For a long time I have wanted to get something off my mind and I have appointed you to bear the burden. I am of a very recent college generation and imagine that I am still "wet behind the ears." I am writing as a literary lowbrow—I must be a lowbrow for I was never admitted to Advanced English Composition or to the English Club at my alma mater. However, I have always had aspirations to be included among the intelligentzia. In my early teens I learned to wrinkle my nose at Curwood and H. B. Wright. In the years since then I have read Cabell, Anderson, and Ben Hecht, *in toto*, and gladly felt waves of adoration. But it seems that the final test is Dreiser—you're "in" or "out" after you reach Dreiser—he is the *sine qua non*. The shouting and the damning ceases when Dreiser's name is mentioned—Mencken and Sherman kneel together in reverent awe. It's right here that I bolt! I am putting up Joseph C. Lincoln as a candidate in opposition. I've got a hunch that he's a dark horse. I am willing to bet you a long neck bottle of Booth's "High and Dry" (made in Pawtucket) against two quarts of Dago Red obtained in The Village, that a century from now Lincoln will be read ten times to Dreiser's once.

* * *

Cambridge, Mass.

I have been involved in discussion, with several other students here, about the effect of much revising and rewriting on the qualities of spontaneity, freshness, and individuality, so much admired by young men here.

Some contend that virility, freshness, and individuality are the result of rapid "inspired" writing in an appropriate mood. Others agree with many of our instructors that any desired quality in writing may be best achieved by deliberate and careful writing with much revision, in cold blood, so to speak.

I would be much interested to know how much time you require for a page, of, for example, such a work as ————.

* * *

Freeport, New York

Do you think (believe) that a student, a High School student, should attempt reading an epic poem like "Paradise Lost" if the meaning of the lines is incomprehensible to him or her?

* * *

Florence, Italy

It is my wish to assist in bringing American literature to the knowledge of Italian readers. An obstacle however stands in the way, namely the difficulty to procure American books. You may have had leisure to glance at my recent article upon the American book in Italy, published in the *Saturday Review*. I should indeed esteem it a favor if you could suggest the best method for an Italian literary critic to obtain books for review from American publishers, and so meet my warm desire for literary collaboration between our two countries.

ALDO SORANI,
Via Emanuele Repetti, N.11, Firenze.

(*I print Mr. Sorani's letter here with the special hope of bringing it to the attention of American publishers.*—ED.).

* * *

Perugia, Italy

It is difficult to imagine that so curious a fellow as yourself has never been in this admirable country. Now that I have been to Perugia you are the only one left who has not, and truly you must do so.

* * *

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I can't resist hoisting you with your own petard. You say Dr. Canby "has allowed *venal* to be printed where he means *venial*." Are you quite sure it wasn't the proofreader who let it go?

This gives me the opportunity to say a word about the bad proofreading in the *Saturday Review*. Thus in today's Green you say "Kinspirits" when I know you meant "kinsprits." This is especially annoying to me, as I always liked "kinsprits," and always feel myself to be one whenever the Bowling Green is under my eye.

There are at least half a dozen other proofreader's slips in today's article on page 771, which is at least half a dozen too many.

(*The supreme error so far in the Green was when the Windrush, a lovely little Cotswold river, got printed here as the "Wishwash." We have intended to remark for some time that owing to living out of town the editor of the B. G. never has an opportunity to correct his proof himself.*—ED.).

* * *

New York City

Please . . . I'm rummaging through a desk and I've just met an old Bowling Green. It is headed *Arabian Plan*, written in Atlantic City.

Always that thing has annoyed me. I've tried all the ways I could think of locating the hotel you so glamorously advertised. A Syrian rug man seemed hopeful, but came back after tedious weeks to say he could find none of his people who had met it. Perhaps that's an added charm. . . . He left the cold stuffed vine leaves packed for his own lunch, as consolation.

We've waited two more years. Now we ask you.

(*The hotel is the Traymore*).

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Notes on a Bookshelf

(*Continued from page* 801)

a major subject for modern books. The Constitution appears dished up in one form or another almost weekly, and the general theory of American governmental practice is a theme of endless interest and presumably extensive sale. But real American politics has few books to represent it. If you wish to discover how Chicago (or New York) is actually run, or the fundamental procedure of a state legislature, or Congress, you will have to go to the newspapers for an answer, or to a very incomplete literature of partial investigation. Is it possible that those who write books do not know, and that those who read them are not interested? If so, this is the most significant of these deductions from a bookshelf.

Anouncement has just been made of the forthcoming publication by W. W. Norton & Company of an important international series of scientific books to be known as "The New Science Series." Simultaneously with this announcement, the publishers announce the change of their name from The People's Institute Publishing Company to W. W. Norton & Company.

During the past two years Mr. Norton has acted as publisher for The People's Institute, producing among other books Watson's "Behaviorism" and Martin's "Psychology." The series will be under the general editorship of C. K. Ogden, and it is interesting to note that the publishers will attempt to put out these books at a dollar. This they say is made possible through the large-scale production of the books by the latest manufacturing methods. The first titles in the series will be announced shortly.

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Books of Special Interest

Historical Essays

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE REFORMATION: Studies in Sixteenth Century Political Thought. By R. H. MURRAY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926.

DR. MURRAY, an Anglican clergyman, with the academic training which makes much of essay writing, illustrates at many points of the learned and interesting volume before us the dangers of that literary method. They are foreshadowed in the introductory chapter on "The Background of the Reformation" and they become evident wherever the author leaves the safer ground of analysis of other men's opinions and ventures out into expressions of his own thought. At the same time it must be confessed that his too frequent use of analogy, comparison, and generalization lends a certain brilliancy to his style which is likely to commend the book to a considerable non-technical reading public. "If the thirteenth century be the most wonderful the world has seen, surely the year 1492 is the most wonderful year Anno Domini." Speaking of Machiavelli: "The tradition of the Middle Ages weaves no spell over him, largely, we suspect, because for him they had ended with the Black Death of 1348." "The voice of Marsiglio of Padua awoke no responsive echo:" a singular comment upon a book the echoes of which are fairly traceable well down into the Reformation period.

The author is a man of immense "reading." His book fairly bristles with allusions to persons and events familiar or obscure. The course of the narrative is frequently interrupted by discursive references which may or may not be closely connected with the matter in hand. This discursive quality detracts seriously from the value of his work as a contribution to our knowledge of political theory, but, making due allowance for this, there remains one solid merit for which we owe him our gratitude: that is, the careful analysis of the writings which are the main subject of his study.

The book consists of seven essays, generally with some leading personality as the central figure. "The World of Machiavelli" is an attempt to estimate the meaning of the great transition from mediæval to modern standards of political judgment; from a world dominated—at least in theory—by vast general conceptions such as "Empire" and "Church" to a world in which "practical" motives are openly avowed as guiding principles of action. The "political man" of Machiavelli is the prototype of the "economic man" of Ricardo. "Luther and the State Church" is mainly a reproduction of passages from the author's "Erasmus and Luther: Their Attitude to Toleration," published in 1920. Dr. Murray cannot resist the temptation to compare Luther with other leaders of men from Augustine to Bismarck. He admires him for his fiery zeal and the sincerity of his conviction, but does scant justice to his constructive statesmanship.

In "Calvin and His Institutes" we have a detailed examination of the reformer's ideas upon the nature of temporal sovereignty and its relation to the divine governance of the world. Calvin accepted the idea of monarchy as the best earthly representation of that divine unity which underlay his thought of all sovereignty, but he would not accept the notion of the earthly monarch as head also of the divine community on earth. In this his position was the same same as that of the Roman Catholic: church and state were to be separate but indissolubly associated in the dual function of government. Jean Bodin (d. 1598) on the other hand is the apologist for monarchy in a more complete sense. His "République" is carefully summarized by Dr. Murray and placed in contrast with the more flexible conceptions of sovereignty current in his day. The chapter on "Calvin's Disciples" is devoted mainly to an examination of the literature of the French *Politiques*, Beza, Hotman and Duplessis-Mornay. "What Mutianus meant to his circle of admirers, what Melanchthon meant to Camerarius, what Montaigne meant to La Boëtie, what Goethe meant to Schiller, what Blücher meant to Gneisenau, Theodore Beza means to John Calvin." These three kindred spirits represent the party of moderation, sympathizing with reform but anxious also to maintain the political system of their country under the form of an enlightened and therefore tolerant monarchy. The chapter on "Leaguers and Jesuits" gives us the other side of the great controversy and brings out very clearly the cross-currents of thought which made the French religious problem so infinitely complicated. "As the moon to the sun; as the body to the soul, so is the secular States to the religious State of the Jesuits." . . . In the final chapter our author brings together a group of "British Speculators" of whom Richard Hooker is the chief representative, and whose common monument is the Church of England as by law established.

The usefulness of this volume is increased by fairly complete bibliographies for the several chapters and a chronological list of the principal writings referred to in the text. There are, unfortunately, many indications of hasty proof-reading, especially in the titles of German books.

As Mr. Coolidge Sees It

THE MIND OF THE PRESIDENT. By C. BASCOM SLEMP. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

THERE are false proverbs as well as false prophets. One of these false proverbs declares that no man is a hero to his valet. That depends on the valet. It would be as accurate to say that no man is a hero to his wife or to his secretary. The first of these allegations would be disposed of by Mrs. Gladstone's worship of the G. O. M. The second would be exploded by Mr. Slemp's admiration of Calvin Coolidge.

Mr. Slemp's book is in the main a collection of extracts from the President's utterances, but it will be read primarily for Mr. Slemp's utterances about the President. These utterances are presented in two ways. Mr. Slemp has an introductory chapter entitled "An Analysis and an Interpretation." Then he prefaces some of the President's statements with bits of comment intended to keep the reader from missing anything, just as magazine editors with a passion for educating the public tag an article, "This Is Hot Stuff!" Over one extract Mr. Slemp places the laconic phrase, "Two striking sentences." Over another he hangs the sign; "This letter might have been written by Lincoln or Roosevelt." The terseness of these verdicts gives them all impressive finality utterly beyond dispute.

It is in Mr. Slemp's "analysis and introduction" that one looks for the key to Mr. Coolidge's character. Brief as this chapter is, the President's former secretary is slow in coming to the point. Mr. Coolidge, he explains in its earlier pages, is consistent—not only consistent, but outstandingly consistent: "He has never changed his position on a fundamental public issue." As evidence of how extraordinary this record is, Mr. Slemp declares: "Such a book as this could not have been compiled midway in his term of office from the words of many of our Presidents." But Mr. Coolidge is not opinionated. He takes counsel. "His methods are those of a trained research worker." When he is in possession of the principal facts and points of view pertaining to the subject, he weighs the evidence and reaches a conclusion.

Finally Mr. Slemp draws closer to the secret of the Coolidge psychology. "Calvin Coolidge," he explains,

> believes that progress comes direct from the people. He believes that the people . . . sense the great issues of the day and reach the right conclusion regarding them. As President Coolidge sees it, the task of a great national leader is not to try to go ahead of this majestic army of human thought and aspiration, blazing new and strange paths. His function is rather to become the sensitized personal embodiment of their thoughts and aspirations, and the instrument through which they reach public expression.

Where does Mr. Coolidge get this conception of political leadership? Mr. Slemp does not ask this question, but he answers it when he says: "In dealing with public or political questions President Coolidge has political intuition almost psychic." Here is the Coolidge magic which so irritates his foes and puzzles many of his supporters. Having this uncanny ability to feel the public pulse without touching it, what more natural than that Mr. Coolidge should regard that pulse as the infallible index of statesmanship?

The strange thing in Mr. Slemp's analysis is that he compares Mr. Coolidge with several Presidents who did not possess this intuition in any remarkable degree and neglects to mention the one whose chief political asset it was. Different as he is in manner and method from that predecessor, in this central trait Calvin Coolidge is another William McKinley.

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Foreign Literature

Thomas Mann

BEMÜHUNGEN VON THOMAS MANN. Berlin: Fischer. 1926.

Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING

IT is quite safe to say of Thomas Mann that he almost invariably achieves what he sets out to do. This may be affirmed of many a lesser artist in prose; it may be affirmed indeed of the smallest fry among novelists anywhere in the world. Hence as a perspective in criticism this sort of touchstone has little meaning. It was Goethe who defined, in a conversational epigram, the goal of the individual artist as the thing by which he must ultimately be judged, and we have had no end of variations on this theme by succeeding æstheticians and critics. In point of fact, no artist can be estimated solely by his ends, assuming that he always knows what they are; and no painter or writer ever lived completely within his own frame. He moves us, touches us only because of his vital relation to life, and his work is only one expression of a group of forces.

Thomas Mann, we perceive at once, is the type of prose writer who is immensely conscious and alive to his ends and the modes by which he can best overtake them. He has almost entirely thrown over the notion of "plot" in fiction. Instead of plot, he chooses a pattern, which may or may not involve an emotional climax. The reader responds to the rhythmic pattern; the precise narrative event does not touch him so much as something that is under the surface of the calm, beautifully flowing prose. This is a hazardous method—one at which the later Henry James failed as often as he succeeded.

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The present volume is a collection of essays and talks. The style and method by which we have come to recognize the essential Thomas Mann is apparent here as in the novels. We need not be told, as Thomas Mann once told the writer, that he always works within a self-directed pattern; that his writing is founded on Wagnerian music; that he employs a *leitmotif* stitched into an intricate tapestry of form. We are fully aware of it at once; we sense it indeed from the tug and sway of our own sensations in the grip of this lucid, organic prose.

The most important essay in the book is undoubtedly the one on Tolstoy and Goethe. Who but Thomas Mann would have thought of bringing these two figures together within the framework of one essay? The initial effect is one of surprise and then, through his skilful musicianship—a quality, by the way, which Mr. Shaw has recently discovered in Shakespeare—he weaves the two nominal aliens together; he has them meet through the agency of a Weimar schoolmaster who knew them both; he shows their points of contact, their classicism, their vitality. He shows them both, too, as the spoiled children of nature. And being children of nature, destined to big ends, they themselves scarcely knew whither they were heading. He contrasts Schiller, the disciple of the "spirit" with Goethe, and Dostoievsky with Tolstoy. He brings Schiller with his constant genuflection to nobility of mind startlingly close to Dostoievsky with his mysticism, self-abnegation, and saint's pride. He shows that "children of nature," like Tolstoy and Goethe, never have need to study nature—they are nature made human; they cannot loose themselves from her fertilizing clasp. They may at times wrong themselves; often they write badly, ineptly, or in an obstinate fashion; but they may not escape their lot: in the end the guardian earth-mother will lead them back to their rightful ways, which are her ways.

❧ ❧

I cannot begin to express the depth and beauty of this essay. It would be futile to isolate any separate part for quotation—idea and pattern are too closely one. If the point of contact between Goethe and Tolstoy were not, to begin with, envisaged by Thomas Mann through intuition, of what avail would the mere pattern be? His prose method is like some Calvary on the side of an ancient hill: the end we know in advance, as though human suffering, pity, or worship sensed the mark it aimed at, but the stations are fixed by the windings and turnings of the path and are revealed to us as, pilgrim-wise, we climb upward. If we heed the signposts with befitting fervor, the reward will await us at the terminus.

The present volume once again proves that Thomas Mann, author of "Buddenbrooks," "Death in Venice," and "Tristan," belongs indeed to the consciousness of Europe.

More Brandes

PETRUS. By GEORG BRANDES. Copenhagen: Gyldendal. 1926.

Reviewed by JULIUS MORITZEN

WHATEVER may be Georg Brandes's purpose in devoting his declining years to a historical research of the leading characters in the Bible, just as his "Legend About Jesus" called forth a storm of disapproval last year on the part of scholars of recognized authority in that particular domain, so his "Petrus" has met with no less decided opposition in quarters supposedly well informed in matters of that nature.

Brandes takes the position that there is little of authentic information to make Simon Peter the outstanding figure that the Bible makes him out, and he is doing his best to remove the apostle, if possible, from the realm of history. To say that for this reason his last book is not worth reading would be beyond the mark. Georg Brandes always writes entertainingly whether one agrees with his findings or not. His style, further, is as luminous as ever, even if in the case of his biblical criticism he will find many who totally disagree with him. Finding fault with the Bible on the score of historical accuracy, however, is nothing new in literature, and it is only because of Brandes's exceptional position as a writer of world-renown that in the present instance the reader looks closely to the substance matter presented.

There are few Bible scholars in Denmark ready to say that the Apostle Peter is a figment of the imagination. In fact, so noted a scholar as Professor Ditleif Nielsen on the appearance of "Petrus" declared that if Brandes kept up the pace begun of late he no doubt would dispose of Paul and all the other evangelical characters. Professor Nielsen, whose work, "The Historical Jesus," allows considerable freedom in individual interpretation of the Narazene, takes the position that it is futile to enter a protest against Georg Brandes with regard to his most recent contributions.

One who has followed Georg Brandes with an enthusiasm based on what this Danish critic has accomplished with such outstanding works as his "Shakespeare," "Goethe," "Julius Cæsar," "Voltaire," and "Michelangelo" is bound to express regret that the octogenarian critic has permitted himself to drift into a field where unquestionably he is not fully at home.

It is to be hoped that his more recent contributions will not be permitted to dim the position that he is entitled to by virtue of the great things he has written.

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gives thanks for it.

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hugs it to his tenderest rib.

DAVID GARNETT
is absorbed by it.

CARL VAN VECHTEN
predicts havoc from it.

ELINOR WYLIE
is enchanted by it.

ISABEL PATERSON
is enlivened by it.

FANNY BUTCHER
cannot forget it.

LLEWELYN JONES
sees the devil in it.

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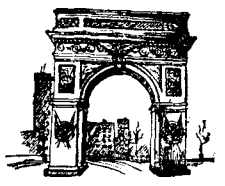

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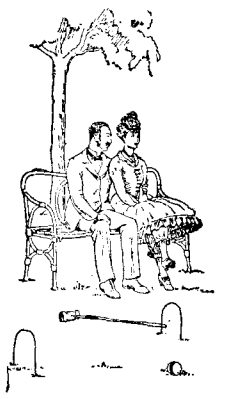

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A London Letter

By Roderick Random

AT a time when most of the spring books have been issued and publishers have not yet disclosed their autumn lists, it is perhaps permissible for even a mere letter-writer to sit back and survey the array of sedulous book-producers and ask himself who are coming to the fore. This topic is suggested to me by a recent article published by M. André Maurois in Paris listing those "young" English novelists whom he considers to be in the lead. Such lists are familiar, and without doubt they must be useful to the novel-reader eager for some order in his reading.

The first that I recollect was one drawn up by Henry James in the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1912 or so, wherein he dealt encouragingly with his juniors. Those juniors were: H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett. James was followed within two years by W. L. George in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* with a longer list of "the novelists of promise who sprang up about 1911." These were: J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, E. M. Forster, Compton Mackenzie, Hugh Walpole, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and, as an afterthought, Perceval Gibbon. It is curious to contrast those two lists today, James's and George's.

The James novelists, with the inevitable exception of Conrad, are still "going strong." Moreover, Arnold Bennett showed lately, in "Riceyman Steps," that he can approach his very best work, and H. G. Wells, if reports are correct, is about to produce what may well rank at his most ambitious fiction, his "Wilhelm Meister," which, as it happens, is about a William also—"The World of William Clissold." The first edition of this, limited to 500 copies, will be in six volumes, in each one of which William Clissold surveys his world from a different angle. Clissold is a man of sixty, and it should be noted that Mr. Wells himself will be that age on September 21 next. It is bound to be a book that will arouse exceptional interest. Ernest Benn is bringing it out here and Doran in New York, both publishing Mr. Wells for the first time.

The "veterans" then are still very much to be reckoned with. But where are the 1911 novelists of promise? True, the War killed off none; they are all still alive and all are busily writing. Yet nobody surely will pretend that, with the exception of E. M. Forster, any of them is now doing work of the slightest account. The very names of J. D. Beresford and Gilbert Cannan have almost been forgotten by critics of standing, and Compton Mackenzie, Hugh Walpole, and Sheila Kaye-Smith have developed into best-sellers, efficient producers of machine-made plots, or rather of repetitions of their first successful plot. Some may think this an exaggeration; literally, perhaps yes, but in spirit, it is no exaggeration. All five have ceased to have "promise." Gibbon I need not even discuss.

There remains E. M. Forster, and it must be pointed out that Forster, though he is in years considerably the junior of Wells and Bennett, had begun to produce books long before 1911. Yet there he was in W. L. George's list, and now here he bobs up in M. Maurois's list of "young English novelists." M. Maurois, however, avoids the word "promise" in connection with Forster, as with his other names. Instead of "promising work," M. Maurois says: "important work." He regards Forster as "young" no doubt, but also as mature. Why, one may ask, has Forster survived the while the Beresfords, the Cannans, the Mackenzies, etc., have, critically speaking, vanished? I think the answer might have been discerned as far back as 1911 by anyone sufficiently prescient. It is namely that Mr. Forster from the outset has displayed in his writing a feeling, an atmosphere that his contemporaries, even when they had promise, lacked. By atmosphere I mean what Mr. Forster himself means in his Hogarth Essay on Anonymity, which appeared in America in the *Atlantic Monthly*, when he quotes "A slumber did my spirit seal" as being a sentence conveying atmosphere in contrast to the sentence that just gives information.

It is edifying to find the judgment of England and America, particularly America, being reinforced in this particular case by the approval of France, the home of literary criticism. But it is time I mentioned the three other names on M. Maurois's list. They are: Virginia Woolf, David Garnett, and Aldous Huxley. Altogether, one must agree, a remarkable quartet, but I don't think personally that anyone of the last three has so far written anything worthy of rank beside "A Passage to India."

Frankly, it seems to me that the current tendency is rather to overrate Virginia Woolf. Her friend, Mr. Forster, has been saying in *The New Criterion* (in the *Yale Review* in America) that her latest, "Mrs. Dalloway," is her most successful novel. Assuming this, then, and considering what her French champion, M. Maurois, says of it:

> We follow Mrs. Dalloway to her florist, her confectioner, along the pavements of Bond-Street, and, without our understanding very well how it comes about, her life, that of her husband, the lives of her friends, the lives of the occupants of the big car that makes people all turn their heads, the life of that poor lunatic who wanders on the arm of his wife interpreting all he sees as a piece of his dream, the life of the alienist doctor, the lives of the nurses sitting at the foot of the trees in Kensington Gardens (M. Maurois means Regent's Park) pass through the book, become known to us, and move us. A kind of practical mysticism leads us into the very heart of the life of the town. It is indeed very beautiful.

one must say (and incidentally I don't suppose Mrs. Woolf's book could be described more sympathetically than it is in the above passage) that while that is no doubt the author's purpose and aim, she really does not quite bring it off. It has seemed to one reader, at any rate, that Mrs. Woolf does not actually know Mrs. Dalloway, knows only her surface, and that imperfectly. One feels, and one's grounds would have to be given at great length and then might not be convincing, for they are purely intuitive, one feels that Mrs. Dalloway must have been quite another woman from the woman Mrs. Woolf describes; some woman much less Mrs. Woolf; one feels, too, that her house was different; one feels, most of all, that Mrs. Woolf does not feel London as it really is, and that many of the book's characters are drawn in arbitrarily. The most successful character is the "poor lunatic," and that, it cannot be accidental, is the most easy to portray. Such a brief condemnation is, perhaps, unfair. One can only hope that the opportunity to explain oneself more at length will arise some day.

Now, as to Mr. Garnett. It may seem curious, but Mr. Garnett is generally rated more highly in France than Mr. Joyce. The latter has an ardent champion in M. Valéry Larbaud and Joyce's own inspiration of method is, as he has admitted, taken from a French novel published originally in 1888 (the title escapes me at the moment), but the body of reviewers regarded "The Portrait of the Artist," when it appeared in Paris in translation a couple of years ago, as rather "provincial." Whereas "Lady Into Fox" of Mr. Garnett was hailed as a perfect little work of art. It is easy to see how Mr. Garnett's books appeal to the French. They have an unmistakable eighteenth century savor. But, although in "A Man in the Zoo" Mr. Garnett showed a deeply stirring insight into the mutually inflicted tortures of love, his is a somewhat sterile art, by which I mean that it leads nowhere. He must either repeat himself *ad nauseam*, or find an entirely different method.

So, upon due reflection, out of M. Maurois's quartet, I would retain only a pair, E. M. Forster and Aldous Huxley. To many, no doubt, the choice of Huxley as the most promising novelist in England today will seem at least puzzling. His output is, as he would say, prodigious. Short stories, travel journalism, and travel itself would appear to take up all his time, so that his novels have to be written, like the serials of that phantom woman novelist of "Limbo," in his sleep. And much in his fiction is mere caricature or just "clever." Further, it might be argued that, highly as his technique and logic are considered in France, his philosophy is so desperate that he can only be termed decadent. But recall the conclusion of "Those Barren Leaves," when the hero goes up into the mountain to reflect upon life and seek his salvation. "John Franklin" (in the *New Statesman*), in unquestionably the best review of that novel when it appeared, hoped that Mr. Huxley would follow his hero's example and go into meditation before writing another novel, adding that if he did, it might be a notable one. To some extent Mr. Huxley has followed that advice. He has been to India, and while his journalism has been as prolific as ever, we are still waiting for his next novel. It

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

A NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE. By ROSALIND RICHARDS. Holt. 1926. $1.50.

One wonders if there is anything symptomatic about the reprinting of this book. Is the taste of the public turning from highly spiced confections to simple food? Certainly, nothing simpler nor quieter was ever published than this unstressful portrait-narrative of a beloved place. To read it is to be rested and reassured. Yes, it is true, as one knew in one's heart, that the commonplace interests and activities of everyday life are the most enduringly good. Miss Richards is fortunate in counting the love of a place among her experiences, and the place is supremely fortunate in having her for a scribe. Her study of landscape and seasons, people, flowers, and animals is beautifully done, showing long and careful observation and a directness of transcription into words which is admirable. Wholly a part of her theme is she, thoroughly steeped in it, yet sufficiently detached to see it with a poet's eye. Some of the chapters ("Early Winter," for instance) are true prose-poems. And how quietly poignant are some of the human episodes! The book reminds one now of Wordsworth, now of Thoreau. One echoes the wish of Mr. Howells, quoted on the jacket, that "it were the beginning of no end of like things." And perhaps, if the taste of the public really is changing, it may be just that.

WILLIAM CADOGAN (His Essay on Gout). By JOHN RUHRAH, M.D. Hoeber. 1925. $1.50.

Although they still keep on hand at the Bath Club in London a supply of old foot-props for the goutily affected members we are persuaded that there is very little call for them. Dropped completely out of fashion is the plaguy distressing thing; and yet gout has left a wraith behind it in the form of a rather full literature, of which the present essay is an amusing example. Cadogan's essay is an octavo plaquette of the year 1771 and can be picked up for the sum of eight shillings in the original edition—if the buyer is nimble. One is not likely to balk at a pound after reading this reprint. The work is crammed with sense and keen criticism, written in a most happy style, by a man of undoubted parts, bent upon rationalizing the medical treatment in vogue in his day. It is a little book to be placed beside Savonarola's dialogue on the Gout, and the "Laus Podagræ" of Willibald Pirckheimer as they stand (and we hope these rarities do there stand) on your shelf of bibelots.

THE MONEY BOX. By ROBERT LYND. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

"I am not enough of a pessimist," says Robert Lynd, "to believe that a world which contains friendship, books, music, churches, seas like peacocks, Sussex, gardens, willow-wrens, rivers, children, and dinner-tables surrounded by wits, is all dust and ashes." He is perhaps not a profound lover of life but he is a flirtatious admirer of many phases and his new book of twenty-seven essays shows a *flaneur* among things in general. The humor is shrewd without being surprising; the style easy even where it is a trifle thin. His fun is genuine, however, and he is not afflicted with self-conscious whims. And above all, he has the first grace of an essayist; the flow of his ideas is so persuasive that one reads on and on, passively pleased, amused, stirred to kindly derision of folly in human kind, and acquiring new affectionate interest in the old inescapable trivialities. Children, pets, the morning shave, the new suit of clothes, the trip abroad (brief adventure for an Englishman), superstitions, latchkeys, spare bedrooms, shop windows, and little girls' story books—among such things Mr. Lynd finds his texts and from them he wanders wherever he likes.

It would be cheering to think that the reading of essays is becoming less and less a special taste; certainly Mr. Lynd's performances ought to encourage its growth among those who want their humor drawn mild and enjoy having their minds enticed into pleasant discoveries.

THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN SPEECH AND OTHER PAPERS. By FRED NEWTON SCOTT. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 1926.

This is a volume that every teacher of English will wish to own. It is a pleasant spring where the dust-choked student of rhetoric may wet his weary whistle for once with the waters of life. Professor Scott draws upon his long experience, fortified by an eminently sane intelligence, and that concomitant of sanity, humor, for the elucidation of many educational and critical problems. His attitude throughout is that of liberal and illumined common sense in striking contrast to the usual academic purism. He agrees with Walt Whitman that the standard of correct pronunciation is to be found in any individual who possesses "perfect flexible vocal organs" and "a developed harmonious soul;" the current illiteracy of college students he traces to the influence of foreign jargons, the absence of careful home training, and, above all, the clash between instinctive habits and the rules of grammar and rhetoric—where he strongly implies that the rules might well concede more to the habits than they are wont to do. Of the two ideals of composition, the Aristotelian and Platonic, he defends the Platonic insistence on content against the orthodox Aristotelian formalism. In the paper on "Efficiency for Efficiency's Sake," written as long ago as 1914, occur the prophetic words:

> The passion for testing efficiency will not slack until every element and factor of the teaching process has been submitted to rigorous quantitative measurements. There is a serious danger that . . . the investigator in his rage for measuring everything in sight, may overlook, and induce the teacher to overlook, the true end and nature of education.

This passage expresses the spirit of all the educational papers, in which Professor Scott stands as a defender of humanism against the encroaching mechanisms of the day.

Equally happy are the critical and technical discussions of "The Genesis of Language" discovered in phenomena of respiration, "The Most Fundamental Differencia of Poetry and Prose" which are reduced to the pregnant formula—"Poetry is communication for expression's sake, prose is expression for communication's sake,"—and "The Scansion of Prose Rhythm" where, developing the conclusions of the preceding paper, prose rhythm is found to reside in cadences of pitch. "A Note on Walt Whitman's Prosody" annihilates, it is to be hoped for all time, the popular notion that Walt Whitman was a careless and unconscious writer by which even so good a critic as George Santayana has been deceived; in fact, Professor Scott dares to say—oh, shades of Richardson and Barrett Wendell!—"of all American poets Whitman is the only one whose sense of artistry is at all comparable with that of the greatest British poets."

Biography

THE SUNLIT HOURS. A Record of Sport and Life. By SIR THEODORE ANDREA COOK. Doran. 1926. $6.

The autobiography of a vivid, healthy personality is as bracing as sea air. Sir Theodore Cook, editor of the English sporting magazine, *The Field*, is such a tonic in these simple, unassuming notes from a busy newspaper life. Finely equipped in many branches of intellectual and physical activity he owes nothing to outside influence. True, he went to an English Public School and to Oxford University, but both were won by scholarships without which he would have begun life at a clerk's desk. Holiday intervals at Oxford were occupied with teaching, and it was as tutor to Ralph Pulitzer that he became the friend of the father, Joseph Pulitzer. They met first when the great newspaper-owner was nearly blind, but this does not prevent Cook from giving a picture of him in a Paris hotel one evening playing chess with his son's new tutor, dictating an editorial to a reporter, arguing with two men on a different subject, and listening to a secretary reading an article; all running concurrently as the legal phrase goes.

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Sir Theodore's love and knowledge of

(*Continued on next page*)

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Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

sport was an introduction to most famous men of his day. He writes of rowing, skating, yachting, and horse-racing with the opinion of the expert. But beyond this picture of a happy well-spent life is the impression that here is that best type of Englishman who is the friend of many diverse and interesting people, yet never loses his modesty, and a feeling that, engaging though all these interests are, life has something deeper which must be served, so that when the last moment comes out of the boundless deep he may return again home. Let us call it character.

Fiction

ELIZABETH'S TOWER. By MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

We began to read this novel with distrust and reluctance—publishers' blurbs frequently thus affect us—but the further we read into the story, the better we liked it, and firmer grew our conviction that we were not to be disappointed by seeing it eventually swamped in the bogs of sweetness, hope, love, charity, and sunshine. Elizabeth is a lonely child of eleven when we first enter her narrow, rustic world of North Dakota during a winter of the early nineties. She has recently come to live on the farm of her elderly aunt and uncle, after two years passed in an orphanage. Her transitional growth and experience in the succeeding seven years contain nothing remarkable save that they reveal the increasing, significant, unconscious influence which Elizabeth exerts upon the inner lives of various people who respond to the gentle power of her lovely and guileless soul. Now innocence, virtue, and utter childishness may be driven here to the limit of their potency, but we, for one, will find no fault if for no other reason than that we are grown aweary of the stale and hollow sophistication prevalent in the mass of current fiction.

AT TOP OF TOBIN. By STANLEY OLMSTED. Dial Press. 1926. $2.50.

Tobin, a small town in the North Carolina mountains, as it was about the year 1880, is impaled whole upon Mr. Olmsted's pen and to those who have lived in such a community no details in this 500-page novel will perhaps seem superfluous. He writes, moreover, with mellow charm and a sympathetic imagination. His children especially, though probably cast too prominently for the taste of most adults, are alluringly alive.

But the book is too long and too plotless. Art must not be quite as real as life and every memory of Tobin's past is hardly worth the capturing for itself alone. Long before the end is reached, one comes to resent the cumulative wealth of insignificant incident as one resents the irrelevant experiences of seasoned travelers who intrude upon one's first impressions with unworthy anecdotes of previous visits.

A little corner of vanishing America is here, however, and for that one must be grateful.

ONE LITTLE MAN. By *Christopher Ward.* Harper. $2.50.

THE HOUSEMAID. By *Naomi Royde-Smith.* Knopf. $2.50.

THE SILVER STALLION. By *James Branch Cabell.* McBride. $2.50.

BARNABY RIDGE. By *Charles Dickens.* Oxford. .80.

GYPSY DOWN THE LANE. By *Thomas Williamson.* Small, Maynard. $2.50.

THE SWINGING GODDESS. By *Marjorie Carleton.* Small, Maynard. $2.

THE VALLEY OF THE STARS. By *Charles Alden Seltzer.* Century. $2.

AFTER NOON. By *Susan Ertz.* Appleton. $2.

MARY CHRISTMAS. By *Mary Ellen Chase.* Little, Brown. $1.50.

Juvenile

SOLDIER BOY. By *Félicité Lefèvre.* Pictures by *Tony Sarg.* Greenberg. $1.25.

FLEDGLINGS. By *L. A. Charskaya.* Holt. $1.75.

THE ANIMAL ETIQUETTE BOOK. By *Helen Cowles Le Cron.* Stokes. $1.50.

THE WHIPPER-SNAPPER. By *Charles E. Parker.* Stokes. $1.50.

GRAY MOON TALES. By *Minnie Belle Mitchell.* Bobbs-Merrill.

COBBLECORNERS. By *Zillah K. MacDonald.* Appleton. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

LAW FOR THE HOME OWNER. By *J. B. Green.* Macmillan. $2.50.

PUTNAM'S COMPLETE BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, PROVERBS AND HOUSEHOLD WORDS. By *W. Gurney Benham.* Putnam. $6.50.

SAILING SHIPS AT A GLANCE. By *Edward W. Hobbs.* Putnam. $2.50.

YOU: A PERSONAL MESSAGE. By *Edward W. Bok.* The Medici Society of America.

THE PERFECT CALENDAR FOR EVERY YEAR OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA. By *Henry Fitch.*

BEAUTIFUL BLACK HILLS. By *O. W. Coursey.* Mitchell: South Dakota Educator Co.

THE NEW COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. By *Marion Harland.* Revised by *Christine Terhune Herrick.* Stokes. Cloth $2.00. Kitchen Edition, $2.50.

GARDEN-MAKING. By *Elsa Rehmann.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE LOG OF THE SUN. A Chronicle of Nature's Year. By *William Beebe.* Holt. $5.

MIDAS OR THE UNITED STATES AND THE FUTURE. By *C. H. Bretherton.* Dutton. $1.

PEGASUS OR PROBLEMS OF TRANSPORTATION. By *Colonel J. F. C. Fuller.* Dutton. $1.

LIFE INSURANCE AS A LIFE WORK. By *Hugh D. Hart.* Crofts. $2.

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE. By *William Tomkins.* San Diego, California.

THE WHALERS OF AKUTAN. By *Knut B. Birkeland.* Yale Press. $3.

THE TIDE. By *H. A. Marmer.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE DESK REFERENCE BOOK. By *William Dana Orcutt.* Stokes. $1.50.

IN THE GARDEN. By *Frances Hodgson Burnett.* Boston: The Medici Society of America.

ALL ROUND ROBIN HOOD'S BARN. By *Walter A. Dyer.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

THE LINKS. By *Robert Hunter.* Scribners. $4.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SCAPA SOCIETY. By *Richardson Evans.* London: Constable.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKPLATE LITERATURE. Edited by *George W. Fuller.* Spokane Public Library.

YOUR HAIR AND YOUR HEALTH. By *Oscar L. Levin.* Greenberg. $1.50.

GOOD MANNERS FOR CHILDREN. By *Elsie Cleveland Mead* and *Theodora Mead Abel.* Dodd, Mead. $1.25.

THE ROMANCE OF THE LAME AMERICA. By *Heinrich Charles.* Published by the author, 116 Nassau Street.

TOILETTE OF THE HEBREW LADY. By *Thomas De Quincey.* Hartford: Mitchell.

Poetry

LIGHTED TAPERS. By *Evelyn M. Watson.* London: Erskine MacDonald, Ltd.

POEMS. By *Marie Corelli.*. Doran. $2.

POEMS. By *Kostes Palamas.* Translated by Theodore Ph. Stephanides and George S. Katsimbalis.

MONICA, OR THE CHRONICLE OF MARCUS. By *Samuel Valentine Cole.* Marshall Jones. $1.50.

WIDE PASTURES. By *Marie Emilie Gilchrist.* Macmillan. $1.25.

NEW POEMS AND OLD. By *Muriel Stuart.* Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $2.

GRAVEN IMAGES. By *Caresse Crosby.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

THE CHILD ON HIS KNEES. By *Mary Dixon Thayer.* Macmillan. $1.25.

LILITH. By *George Sterling.* Macmillan $1.50.

A BOAT OF GLASS. By *Frances Fletcher.* Dorrance.

CATULLUS. The Complete Poems. Translated and Edited by *F. A. Wright.* Dutton. $3.

Religion

THE MIND OF JESUS. By LOUIS HOWLAND. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

Here is another appreciation of Jesus by a newspaper man. The author is described as the editor of the *Indianapolis News*, but he writes a sermonic style. In a series of twenty-six short chapters the outlook and qualities of Jesus's mind are described, such as its keenness, delicacy, poise, and flexibility, its poetry and logic, its inclusive, contradictory and prophetic character. The author keeps well to his subject, tries no psychological or theological *magnum opus*, uses the gospels suggestively and reverently, and gives each chapter one simple and worthwhile idea.

THE SPRINGFIELD CHURCH SURVEY. By *H. Paul Douglass.* Doran. $4.

THE UNKNOWN BIBLE. By *Conrad Henry Moehlman.* Doran. $2.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. In five volumes. Volume 3. Dodd, Mead.

THE OXFORD BIBLE FOR MASONS. Blue French Morocco Leather. Oxford. $4.25.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Dr. Lyman Abbott.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

MY FAITH IN IMMORTALITY. By *William E. Barton.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE. By *Charles Reynolds* Brown. Yale University Press. $1.50.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

MISS TIVERTON GOES OUT. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

JOAN OF ARC. By *Joseph Delteil.* (Minton, Balch.)

WHEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT WAS CALIPH OF BAGDAD. By *Albert Stevens Crockett.* (Funk & Wagnalls.)

D. H. B., University of Mississippi, has given a full season course in Shakespeare for twenty years and wishes he had in the first season instituted a plan he is now putting into practice, of gathering pictures—copies of paintings, stage plates, illustrations—of scenes and characters in Shakespeare. He has the large Boydell collection and several Copley prints, mainly from the Abbey paintings, the "Ophelia" in the Tate Gallery, Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," and his class is gathering what it can in the way of color or black and white prints. He asks for sources from which to select.

THE New York Public Library has a large and active picture-lending library, but its collection of Shakespeare illustrations has been culled entirely from books and magazines, especially the latter, already in the possession of the library, also from the Sunday newspapers of the tercentenary year. However, they gave me the following bibliographies as likely to be helpful. "Anniversaries and Holidays," Hazeltine (Wisconsin Library Commission), "Index to Illustrations," compiled by F. J. Shepard (American Library Association, 1925), and the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature," which since 1900 has stated if the article is illustrated. I seem to have lost my catalogue of the Medici Prints in moving, but these color reproductions are all so well done that whatever they have would be worth considering for the framed pictures this collection hopes to include. The Medici Society is at 755 Boylston Street, Boston.

E. K., Burlington, Vt., asks for a poetry reading book for little children, for "supplementary reading" that will not only serve this purpose but foster a love of poetry.

"THIS SINGING WORLD," Louis Untermeyer's popular collection (Harcourt), does for any age, and there are several well-chosen anthologies for high school use, of which the latest is "Magic Casements," compiled by George S. Chubart and Paul A. McGhee (Macmillan), and chosen from experience with classes. But the one I like best for little children is "Silver Pennies," a little book compiled by Blanche Jennings Thompson (Macmillan). It is made up of modern poetry, the first part chosen in the main from writers who address themselves to children, the second of poems whose beauty appeals to any age. There are ingratiating introductions to the verses, and the pictures by Winifred Bromhall are adorable. The one to De la Mare's "Tartary" shows the monarch at the age of four or so, in that famous "robe of braid," ready for that ride I have so often taken through the kindness of Mr. De la Mare, on which "zebras seven should draw me far through Tartary's dark glades." When dreams are free, why stop at horses or goats when you can just as well have seven zebras? This book has just been moved over to Macmillan's charming "Little Library" collection of books in large type but small enough for little hands.

L. G. M., Chicago, Ill., looking about for material for club study of the short stories in foreign literatures, asks for advice.

"GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD," collected by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber (McBride), is little short of a one-book library. In his "Study of the Modern Drama" (Appleton), Mr. Clark proved that he could prepare, for the use of study-clubs or home-students, a work whose scholarship was not lessened by the simplicity with which he presented it for popular understanding. The present collection, with its brief introductory surveys of the countries represented (naturally these are scarce more than glimpses) is as well adapted in its way for its purpose. Ancient Greece and Rome, Egypt and Biblical literature, India, Persia, and Arabia are followed by Great Britain, every country of Europe, both the Americas, China, and Japan.

Two collections come from Small, Maynard: "The Best Continental Short Stories of 1924-5," and "The Best French Short Stories" for the same period. Each is edited by Richard Eaton, and each is accompanied by a year-book of the subject. The feature of the collection, "The World's Best Short Stories of 1925" (Doran), is that they were selected by the editors of leading American magazines. Small, Maynard also publish an annual "Best British Short Stories." Add to these "The Short Story's Mutations," by Frances Newman (Viking Press), a robust set of tales that are handed along from one age to another by a spirited commentary, and you have a fine start for study of foreign stories in English translation.

M. H. L., Lake Placid, N. Y., needs a book embodying general information that would be especially useful to a writer or editor. Books of the type of the "Dictionary of Facts" won't do, as they specialize on arts and sciences, whereas he needs something more general, like abbreviations, tables, and items of use to the average man.

"THE DESK REFERENCE BOOK" (Stokes), is the new title under which has lately appeared an enlarged and revised edition of a desk book by William Dana Arcott that has been for years a favorite for such use as this. It includes punctuation, abbreviations, and kindred matters, and has a chapter on the making of an index that is not elsewhere to be found. The "World Almanac" and the almanac issued by the *Brooklyn Eagle* come in handy at many points. Beyond this, it depends altogether upon your special needs and interests. My personal pocket companion, for example, is "The Publishers' Trade List Annual;" I believe I am the only woman who ever lugged it across the ocean for summer reading. It weighs, I may explain, something like ten pounds and is the most ungainly volume known to man.

M. C., Pasadena, Cal., replying to my call for amusing reading for convalescents, books that had stood the test of actual use, said that the St. Louis Public Library some years ago printed a list of books adapted to different sorts of sick people: exciters for the depressed, non-exciting for cardiacs, and so on. I find that this list has gone out of print, but some of the titles are incorporated in "Books for the Home," a selected and admirably annotated list made by Margery Doud and Ruth Overman. This list is one of the most friendly and generally ingratiating lists I have seen, and anyone who reads, like David Grayson, "wilfully for enjoyment," will be pleased with it. There is, however, a whole book on "The Hospital Library," published by the American Library Association, edited by Edith Kathleen Jones; this has not only articles on organization and management of such service, but fine lists for reading aloud to convalescents. My own only rule in this regard, by the way, is never to send a novel to a friend in a hospital without looking it over carefully to see what the people in it die of, if at all. One of my friends whose friends were not so considerate had to recover twice in the same place, once from the operation and once from "Riceyman Steps."

Speaking of lists, Appleton will send to clubs studying contemporary literature a pamphlet with suggestions for twenty-four programs on their authors and their books. Doran has several outlines for club study and it may be with clubs in mind that Dutton prints an illustrated biographical sketch of Charles Norris, by Kathleen Norris, in a booklet. All these are for the asking, and many club program makers will ask for them, I hope. The National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33rd Street, will send a leaflet with suggestions for book programs for the year round.

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Browsing

A most thorough search of ancient legends, folk-lore and history has failed to produce an exact or even approximate date for the beginning of "shopping." The term may imply potential purchasing, but I use it in the sense covered by "window-shopping." Real shopping is not done only by persons standing outside, looking in. Not at all. Oftentimes the shopper goes in and makes a fair attempt to turn the establishment inside out.

* * * *

It is a most definite urge, this call to see what one can see, experienced by almost everyone, and as I cannot place its birthday, it is my conviction that it had its beginning about the time that man decided to designate each individual to do a certain thing and then to trade the products of his labor for those produced by other persons. There is in my mind a clearly defined picture of the husband fingering many flint gadgets made by another, even though he may have had exact duplicates at home and was financially embarrassed because the purchase price had been more bearskins than he could afford to pay. Or the housewife of Gaul who, upon waking one morning, said to her spouse, "Up man. A Phoenician galley has just come into the harbor. Let's give their stuff the once over."

* * * *

With this instinct so firmly implanted in the human breast, it is surprising to note the comparatively small number of people who use that treasury of pleasure, the bookshop, to satisfy their desires. Yet there is no pastime that is more interesting or fascinating, nor is there anything that will repay the searcher in more or greater ways. Why, there is even a name for it. Browsing! What other pursuit of the purchase is of sufficient importance to be designated by an individual title? Browsing is not only allowed—it is encouraged. The booksellers know that after you have read three or four clear, concise and capably handled criticisms in the ***Saturday Review,*** you want to hold the books in hand, run through the tables of contents and perhaps ask a few questions about each. So you are not molested nor are you pierced by a pair of scornful eyes—at least not in the shops of the members of the ***American Booksellers' Association.***

* * * *

When next you want to shop, go to an A. B. A. store and browse—and take a friend with you, preferably one who isn't a booklover. After your companion becomes interested (and no one can resist) ask the bookseller to give him a copy of the ***Saturday Review.*** By having introduced a newcomer to the bookshop and that periodical you will have improved on the slogan of the Boy Scouts for you will have done two kind deeds that day.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

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Points of View

True Style

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

After reading Mr. Ficke's letter in your number of April 17th, I find myself constrained to take serious exception to this correspondent's point of view. The issue he argues on is assuredly one of the highest importance, but he has been led by an overzealous admiration of Mr. Dreiser's talents to risk some very ridiculous and very baseless statements.

To begin with, he has come, by some rather remarkable way of thinking, to associate true literary style with what he is pleased to call "the witty or the piquant sentence." It is beyond me, I confess, to see how any body, whose faculties are not drugged by sleep, could imagine that the two have more than a very casual acquaintance, and much more, that they could possibly reside for long under the same roof. Perhaps some extraordinary persons can reconcile themselves to this theory, but even then, I fear, it would come from grave misapprehension of the ground whereon they tread. For, needless to say, style that is worthy of the name is no evanescent bubbling of the mere dilettante in pretty words, no silly experiment of the mentally unemployed, as Mr. Ficke seems sorrily wont to suspect, but rather the result of a sincere artist's determination to say what he means to say in the most direct and harmonious manner possible, which is necessarily the most beautiful manner. Some chipper journalists, particularly distinguished in their want of sense, may object that this is not the way for so relentless a realist as Mr. Dreiser; but it was the way of the great realist Flaubert, and when Mr. Dreiser approaches the valley from which he may observe the French master crowned upon the mountain-top, I shall all the more heartily salute him.

"Words, words, words," bemoaned the sorrow-stricken Dane, with his artistic intuition that there were too many of them—words cheap and hollowly clever. But much of the traffic of this life is carried on by words, and one has to wake up to a considerable knowledge of them before existence in its full intensity can be realized. Many writers, indeed, have, through misdirected devotion, set for themselves a career of scriveners' servitude to words. Stevenson (as near a perfect artist, Sir, as ever graced our gloomy globe) was a long time learning the tough lesson that can only be learnt in the classroom of experience and advancing age; and even Shakespeare himself must have set up as the ape more than once ere he became the supreme dancing master. Any close student of the works of Conrad must have had it brought to his mind time and again that this inimitable fellow had a curious over-fondness (more evident in his earlier pieces) for the picturesque adjective.

But thus they learn, these men of genius; and style comes inevitably when they have labored and toiled long enough. Mr. Dreiser, powerful as he is, has not, in my opinion, reached this point as yet; nor do I much suspect he ever will, when I take into account his irritating indifference and his endless pages of useful but incoherent material which a better artist in style would have boiled down from mere colored water to a delicious, thick syrup. Mr. Dreiser, like the elephant your correspondent compares him to, is gloriously full of strength when he gets into the deep, resisting forests of his tale, but before he arrives there he must cross much uncertain ground where his own weight is treacherously likely to sink him; so he must stand aside and procrastinate, in many long words, walk up and down the spot a hundred times, and end by going round the other way. In reviewing "An American Tragedy," one of Mr. Mencken's bombs lit upon the fact that the greater substance of the novel is contained in one of Mr. Hardy's short stories; and I cannot see how any discerning critic can read the book through, impressive as it is, without itching for a blue pencil at the turn of every page. I am afraid no one can cut a book down but the author, and the author here, lacking critical acumen in regard to style, has missed his finest chance. But enough of that. The novel is a valuable one and an interesting one; but, the reading done, there is the pang at the heart that, with more care besowed, it might have reached the heights.

So far any man with a grain of philosophy to deprecate technique seems to point to a serious defect in his conception of the nature of writing; for writing, if I understand it at all, *is technique*. As has been ecstatically discovered many times, the bare plot of "Hamlet" is, to the verge of awe, that of a penny-dreadful; indeed, in its outward form, the mind of a Nick Carter might have plunged into it with felicity; but once a man, with that disconcerting quality called genius, got inside the plot and made the bloody thing immortal. Who but a great stylist could have handled that last scene without making the groundlings guffaw up their sleeves? I personally can recall a generous number of tales, and as tales splendid, that I would not read on a large consideration. But, upon the other hand, here there comes Anatole France with a stylistic masterpiece like "Le Lys Rouge" (a plot slight enough, to be sure), and I challenge any lover of great literature to lay it down for good without a second or even a twentieth perusal. And Macaulay's famous schoolboy could see the reason thereof, without half an effort. No one, save the mineralogist, can prefer the uncut gem to the jeweler's finished product.

It is well to have a good story to tell, but to be numbered among the giants you must do more than merely tell it. As has been pointed out before, the thought belongs to the man who utters it best, and the only excuse for plagiarism is a possible improvement. This means much. American writers, with some charming exceptions like Mr. Cabell, are becoming too chary of benefiting by the gorgeous beauties of the English language which they are too lazy to cultivate, and are wrong-headedly depending upon sheer brute force to carry them over. Ah, but they are very stupid fellows at best. A man may possess the strength of a Hercules; he may bring down temples like Samson, and crush out life under his paws like the King of Beasts; and all that is well so far as it goes. But what if his brain be deficient, and he knows not what he does?—of what avail is all this, then? He will plunder without heed, ruin without knowledge, and destroy what is most valuable to him. . . . So it is with the writer who is inadequately equipped; and before he goes further, let him take care, lest he should find himself the ultimate bull's-eye of his own marksmanship.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

In the Tradition

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In his review of Maurice Baring's "Collected Poems" in this week's *Saturday Review*, Mr. Louis Untermeyer has made a bad break. After quoting some "Shakesperian patois" from Mr. Baring's "The Black Prince," Mr. Untermeyer has this to say:

"And this, echoing a more recent tradition, is Mr. Baring in his bucolic vein;

The snows have fled, the hail, the lashing rain,
Before the Spring,
The grass is starred with buttercups again,
The blackbirds sing.

It is significant that the poem from which this quatrain is taken ('Diffugere Nives, 1917') is dedicated to J. C. Squire; . . ."

What does Mr. Untermeyer mean by "a more recent tradition" and by Mr. Baring's "bucolic vein"? The tradition is that of a poet who was born in the year 65 B. C.—Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Judging by the four lines quoted by Mr. Untermeyer (I have not been able to get the complete poem), the poem is a free rendering or paraphrase of the seventh ode of the fourth book of Horace which begins:

Diffugere nives redeunt iam gramina campis
Arboribusque comae;
Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
Flumina praetereunt.

The vein of the original is not bucolic but rather philosophical and fatalistic.

FREEMAN DAY.
New York.

Housman

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I call your attention to a slight inaccuracy in Mr. J. De Lancey Ferguson's article, "The Belligerent Don," in your review (March 27)? He writes: "Admirers of Housman's poetry who have taken the trouble to look up its author in "Who's Who" have there learned that the poet, after ten years in the Civil Service, became Professor of Latin in University College, London, in 1892, where he remained until his return in 1911 to his alma mater, Cambridge, as Professor of Latin and Fellow of Trinity."

Alfred Edward Housman is an Oxford M.A., St. John's College, of which he is now an Hon. Fellow.

Mr. Ferguson may have been led into this error from the fact that Housman is actually Professor of Latin at Cambridge, or because he has frequently flayed Oxford scholars, or, possibly, because by adoption and temper he is a Cambridge man!

JOSEPH P. CHRISTOPHER.
Catholic University,
Washington, D. C.

John Ramage

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The undersigned would very much appreciate any information regarding John Ramage, the miniature painter, who worked in Boston about 1775, was in Halifax in 1776 and in New York in 1777-1789. Photos or memoranda of miniatures by him and any information regarding his activities in this country or Canada, whither he fled in 1794 to escape domestic difficulties. He was an Irishman and studied in the Dublin Society Schools in 1763.

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN.
28 East 85th Street,
New York.

Aldous Huxley

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

NEW HARVARD PUBLICATIONS

IN the spring announcements of new publications of the Harvard University Press there are several of interest to the collector. The outstanding item is George B. Ives's in four octavo volumes. For years the late Grace Norton has been the leading American authority on the text of Montaigne. In the present edition, she has contributed to each essay a prefatory note, often of considerable length, in which she gives exactly the information required to complete the pleasure of the ordinary reader. Bruce Rogers has given this classic a proper typographical setting. Mr. Ives's masterly translation, Miss Norton's introductions, and Mr. Rogers's typography unite in making a work that will probably take its place as the best English translation in a worthy edition.

"A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," edited by Hyder E. Rollins, and printed in a handsome quarto for the first time since the original edition in 1578, will supply a genuine need to students of Elizabethan literature. This reprint is based upon a copy, only two of which are in existence, that formerly belonged to Dr. Richard Farmer and later to Edward Malone, the Shakesperean scholar, with the remainder of whose books it found a final resting-place in the Bodleian library. The present text aims to be an exact reprint, page for page, line for line, with the exception of consistent typographical changes conducive to greater ease in reading. As a mirror of the age before Shakespeare, it possesses for the modern reader a wealth of interest quite apart from its appeal as poetry.

"The Passports Printed by Dr. Benjamin Franklin at His Passy Press," with notes by Randolph G. Adams and Luther S. Livingston, contains some addenda to the volume on "Franklin and His Press at Passy," prepared by Luther S. Livingston and issued by the Grolier Club in 1914. The present volume has been printed by Bruce Rogers for the William L. Clements Library of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in an edition limited to 505 copies.

"The Catalogue of the Greek Manuscripts in the Library of the Laura on Mt. Athos," by Spyridon, of the Laura, monk and physician; and Sophronios Eustratiades, formerly archbishop of Leontopolis. This catalogue of the Library of Great Laura on Mount Athos opens for the first time to Western scholars a full knowledge of the treasures of that famous collection, founded in the tenth century. It includes all the more than 2,000 Lauriote Greek manuscripts, with precise accounts of their contents.

"A Book of Old Maps," by Emerson D. Fite, of Vassar College, and Archibald Freeman of Philips Academy, Andover, containing a collection of old maps, is designed to illustrate the course of American history from the earliest time down to the close of the Revolutionary War. The editors have brought them together from their hiding places in dark, dusty, and, in some cases, forgotten repositories. The seventy-four maps here reproduced were selected from many thousands examined by the editors in the great libraries in America, in the Vatican, in the British Museum, and in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Each map is accompanied by a brief essay setting forth its historical significance.

THE GREENOUGH SALE

AMERICAN historical letters, documents, and manuscripts, constituting Part I of the collection of the late Charles P. Greenough, of Brookline, Mass., were sold at the Anderson Galleries on May 3 and 4, 722 lots bringing $10,926.70. Mr. Greenough had the good fortune to gather much early New England material and some good prices were realized.

A few of the more unusual lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Audubon (John J.). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to, New York, March 8, 1843, to Daniel Webster. $45.

Bernard (Francis). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio, Castle William, September 26, 1762, refusing to allow the last shipment of Acadians to land in Boston. $77.

Bulkeley (Richard). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio, Halifax, August 15, 1762, relating to the last shipment of Acadians from Nova Scotia. $75.

Crevecœur (J. Hector St. John de). L. S., 8 pp., folio, New York, June 7, 1788, descriptive of the typography of Kentucky. $105.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. D. S., 1 p., oblong folio, London, April 7, 1774, a bill to the Library Company of Philadelphia for books. $235.

Hathorne (John, one of the witch judges). D. S., 1 p., 4to, Salem, July 20, 1692, original warrant for the arrest of witches. $175.

Haynes (John). A. L. S., 1 p., small 4to, Hartford, May 25, 1649, relates to the complaints of Indians. $160.

Indian Deed. Original Indian deed to Noddles Island, now East Boston, and Apparently the First Indian deed in Boston to be confirmed by Stoughton and Dudley, 1 p., oblong folio, on vellum, May 1, 1694. $255.

Webster (Daniel). A. L. S., 12 pp., 4to, Niagara Falls, July 15, 1825, descriptive of his first visit to Niagara Falls. $85.

A check list of the writings of Richard Le Gallienne by Robert J. C. Lingel will soon be issued as a booklet in a limited edition of 300 copies. Temple Scott has written an introduction.

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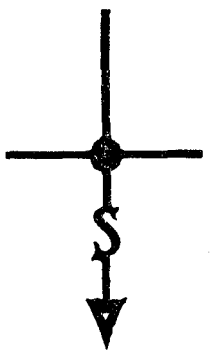

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* * * *

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* * * *

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The Phoenix Nest

DID you see what happened to us last week? * * * The regularly-prepared Phœnix Nest suffered loss somewhere between here and the printer's, and we had to concoct a hasty *soufflée*. * * * Probably never will that lost manuscript return to us. Hither and thither about Manhattan it blows, like Cæsar's dust through the streets of Rome. * * * It becomes as the perished poems of Sappho, as a lost Atlantis of the spirit,—its phantom will waver peering wanly through the pane o' rainy nights. * * * But mayhap some pilgrim of the future may stoop to find our lost phœnix feather one of these days, and murmur, "Well, I forget the rest!" * * * Ah me! Or should we say, "Ah, us!" * * * The scarlet of "the quaint macaw" upon the jacket of *Walter De La Mare's* new volume of short stories (Knopf) is a pretty touch indeed. It must go with the tale of "Pretty Poll" * * * We are thinking of books for the steamer, as we soon depart for a Spring voyage. We have checked this volume, "The Connoisseur." * * * "Singing Rawhide," from the Doran Co., seems to us to have in its hearty ballads a good deal of the flavor of the old frontier, and *Jerry Delano* as illustrator of it has made the book a pleasure to the eye. * * * We helped recently judge the poetry in one of the contests held by *Opportunity*, the journal of negro life. * * * First and second prizes were divided between two poems we liked, "No Images," by *Ford Kramer* of Lincoln, Pa., and "Northboun'" by *A. Ariel Williams* of Nashville. But "Hatred" by *Gwendolyn Bennett* of Paris, France, did not appeal as strongly to the other judges as it did to us, and in "The Frost Has Painted Calvary on the Windows of the Churches" by *John Matheus* of Institute, West Virginia, we felt a wild flash of genius that did not seem to strike the apprehension of our colleagues. * * * Yet so it goes,—when did doctors ever agree? * * * Anyway, in the other contests, John Matheus took second prize for a play and first for a personal experience sketch. A pretty good record! And the Alexander Pushkin Poetry Prize went to the poem we picked, "Golgotha Is a Mountain," by *Arna Bontemps* of New York City. * * * There was some quite surprising stuff in this negro poetry competition. We have been judge at several different contests but never before, it seems to us, have we had such an interesting aggregation of manuscripts to pass upon. * * * And there were 1,276 entries of manuscripts in the eight different contest divisions! The race should be proud. * * * *Opportunity*, by the way, is an excellently edited magazine. * * * *Major Wren's* epic of the French Foreign Legion, "Beau Geste," is being filmed in Arizona. The scenario called for a location on the African desert, but trouble with the Riffs made it impracticable to film there. * * * *Anne Parrish* is hard at work on a novel to succeed "The Perennial Bachelor," which is now selling in its second hundred thousand. * * * Adv: "The Flying King of Kurio" is the title of a children's book to appear in the fall with illustrations by *Janet Smalley*. We can at least swear that the illustrations are perfectly grand. We wrote the book, and we know. * * * As for *Sinclair Lewis* refusing the Pulitzer, we liked his letter and we thought his attitude anything but self-exploiting. We have always been irritated extremely by the terms of the award stipulating, for one thing, that the prize-winning novel "shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life" and so on. * * * That doesn't mean a thing; and when we are reminded of the fact that this phrase has been disregarded in making former awards, we can only reply, "Then why in heck is it there at all?" * * * It makes the whole thing look ridiculous. * * * We agree with Lewis in his dislike of all pontifical bodies. His refusal of the Pulitzer Prize is only a logical pendant to his declining an election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No major writer lays any store by such fusty honors. * * * And if prizes are to be given, why aren't they awarded where they would do the most good, to struggling writers of high potentiality, and with no prate and pompousness? * * * Anyway, how in thunder is anyone to tell what is The Best Novel of the Year? *Chacun à son goût.* We quite often disagree violently with our best friends about novels. * * * An award for accomplishment in bulk,—a Nobel Prize Award, means something. It is about the only kind of a prize that means much of anything,—and then they leave out *Thomas Hardy*! * * * Are we contradicting ourself today? Not at all. And if we do, well,—we contradict ourself. * * * Word comes from England that *Sylvia Townsend Warner*, author of "Lolly Willowes," is a niece of *Arthur Machen*. * * * But we're going abroad. * * *

"Dear Phœnix," writes *Mary Austin*, from Casa Querida, Santa Fé, New Mexico, "This is the most exciting thing that has happened in the Southwest since the days of "Billy the Kid." And she goes on to explain a printed open letter "To Club Women and Business Men of the Southwest" issued by herself and "An Explanation and a Protest" issued by the Old Sante Fé Association with regard to an unusual situation which has recently arisen in the city of Santa Fé * * * This situation is due to the proposal of the clubwomen of Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Louisiana, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, to establish in Santa Fé a summer "cultural colony" of the Chautauqua type, on invitation of the Sante Fé Chamber of Commerce. * * * As Mrs. Austin points out and as a large group of representative citizens and taxpayers, organized as the Old Santa Fé association, points out, and as the local organization of the Spanish-speaking population points out, the sudden introduction into Santa Fé of several thousand persons from other states to form a Babbittish "culture colony" in a storied city with such an old and true culture of its own (where now live and work a number of creative workers, painters, novelists, essayists and poets, many of whom have achieved most distinguished reputations in their several fields),—this would be nothing less than a gross indignity, a deplorable incongruity, very bad for the economic life of the town and in every other way detrimental. * * * It is the desire of the Old Santa Fé Association to preserve as far as possible its own community life. There are plenty of other towns in New Mexico and throughout the southwest where the "culture colony" could locate. * * * Mrs. Austin's open letter is extremely well reasoned and absolutely sound. * * * The artists who have come to Santa Fé and whose serious and distinguished work has added to her renown now, many of them, have their homes there and their capital there invested. * * * The Sante Fé Chamber of Commerce has selected a site for the proposed "culture colony" destined to cause the deterioration of the artists' residential property, destined also to intrude upon the needed privacy of the Sunmount Sanitorium, the finest tuberculosis sanitorium in the state. * * * Those are merely two points. Mrs. Austin talks very sensibly and wisely in regard to the establishment of cultural centres in general. * * * A cultural centre must grow from its own roots, it cannot be established by strangers in a strange land. Mrs. Austin is most courteous to all concerned, and has entirely the right of the argument throughout, and we are extremely glad that the Old Santa Fé Association and the Spanish-speaking population are with her, and with the artists. * * * We cannot imagine a more hideous spectacle than a "Culture Club" (of Keokuk?) stuck down in the middle of the one beautiful spot in America which should not be poisoned by Babbittry and buncombe. * * * Good heavens, is there to be *no* asylum *anywhere* in this country from the Booster and the Chautauqua Circuit? * * * Farewell.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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